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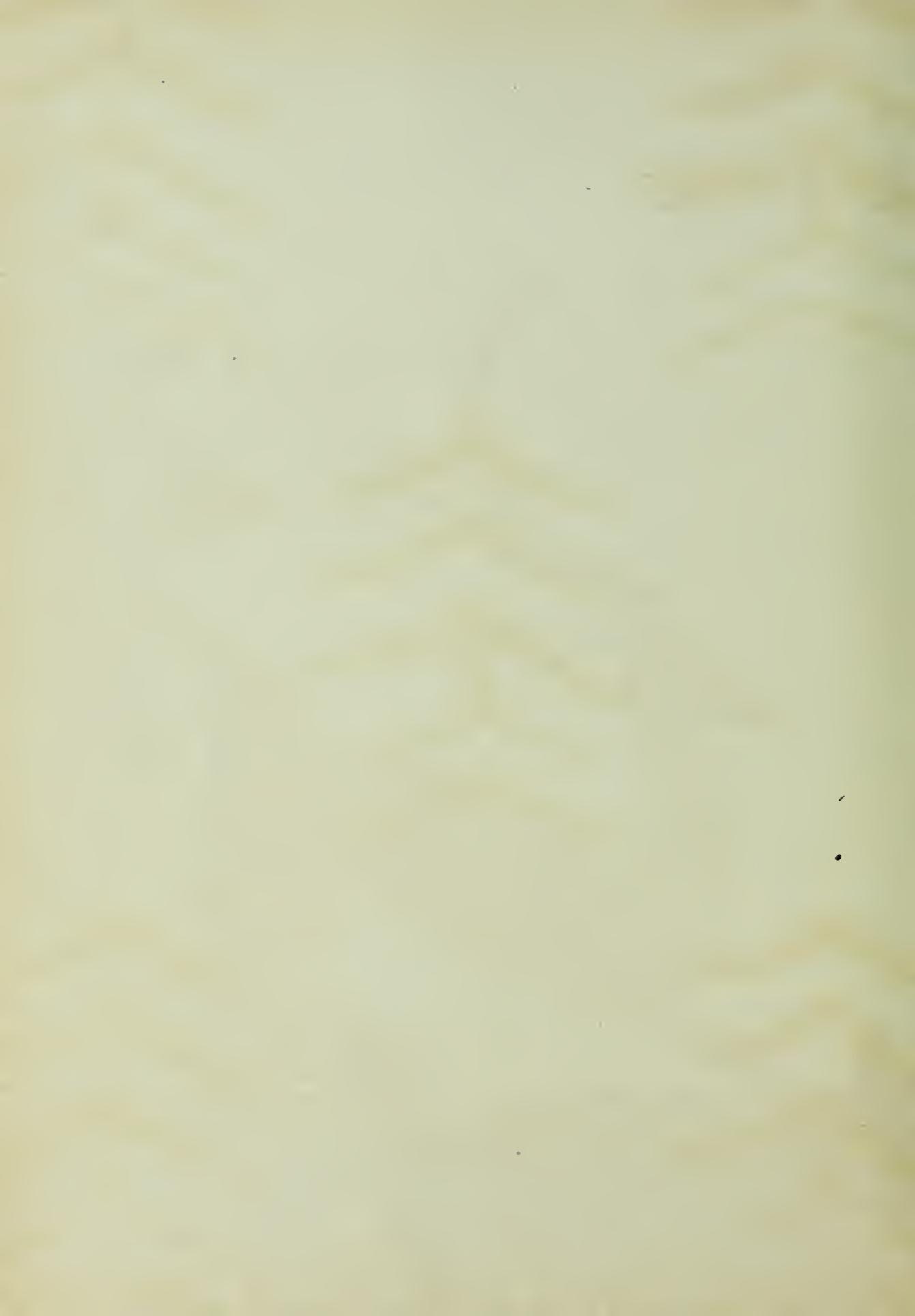
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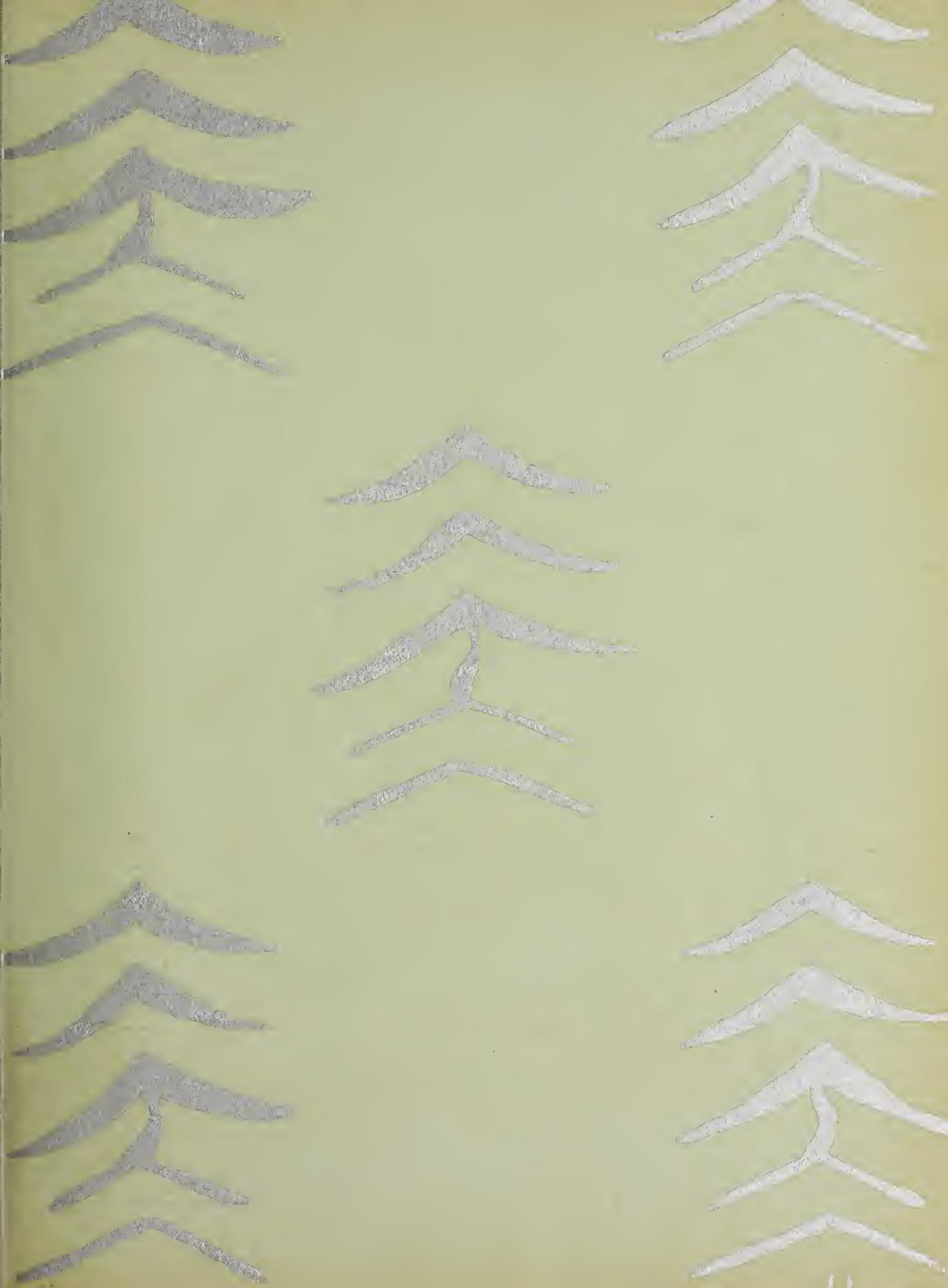
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1934-1935

L-W-L LIFE

A
Publication
Produced By The
Students of

LICK
WILMERDING

LUX

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San Francisco

December 1934

Volume XXI

No. I

*

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EDITORIAL

The L.W.L. Life is off the press! Our school journal has been mimeographed in our own plant, a novel departure in school journalism.

The mimeographing of the stories and the screen process of design by which our cover and inserts have been made are the newer methods used in many schools. They have called for the cooperation of all departments and have permitted much creative ability and individuality.

The Lux laundry has been flooded with drying screens which have been used in the art work; typewriters have been clicking full speed preparing the stencils; students have been prodded by teachers to contribute to the literary department; messengers have been busy scurrying back and forth with important messages to be exchanged. Seldom before have the three schools been brought into such close cooperation in any single project.

We hope to make our journal a quarterly instead of a semi-annual so that we may more often record our school life and work. A more frequent journal gives greater opportunities for individual efforts and makes the "Life" not the work of the staff alone, but the true expression of the entire school.

We intend to make the quarterly less formal than an annual and more like a magazine, stressing literary and artistic endeavors. We are confident that our journal has greater future in this new form as it allows a fuller expression of student thought.

ЭРИАДАТЕ?



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Junior College

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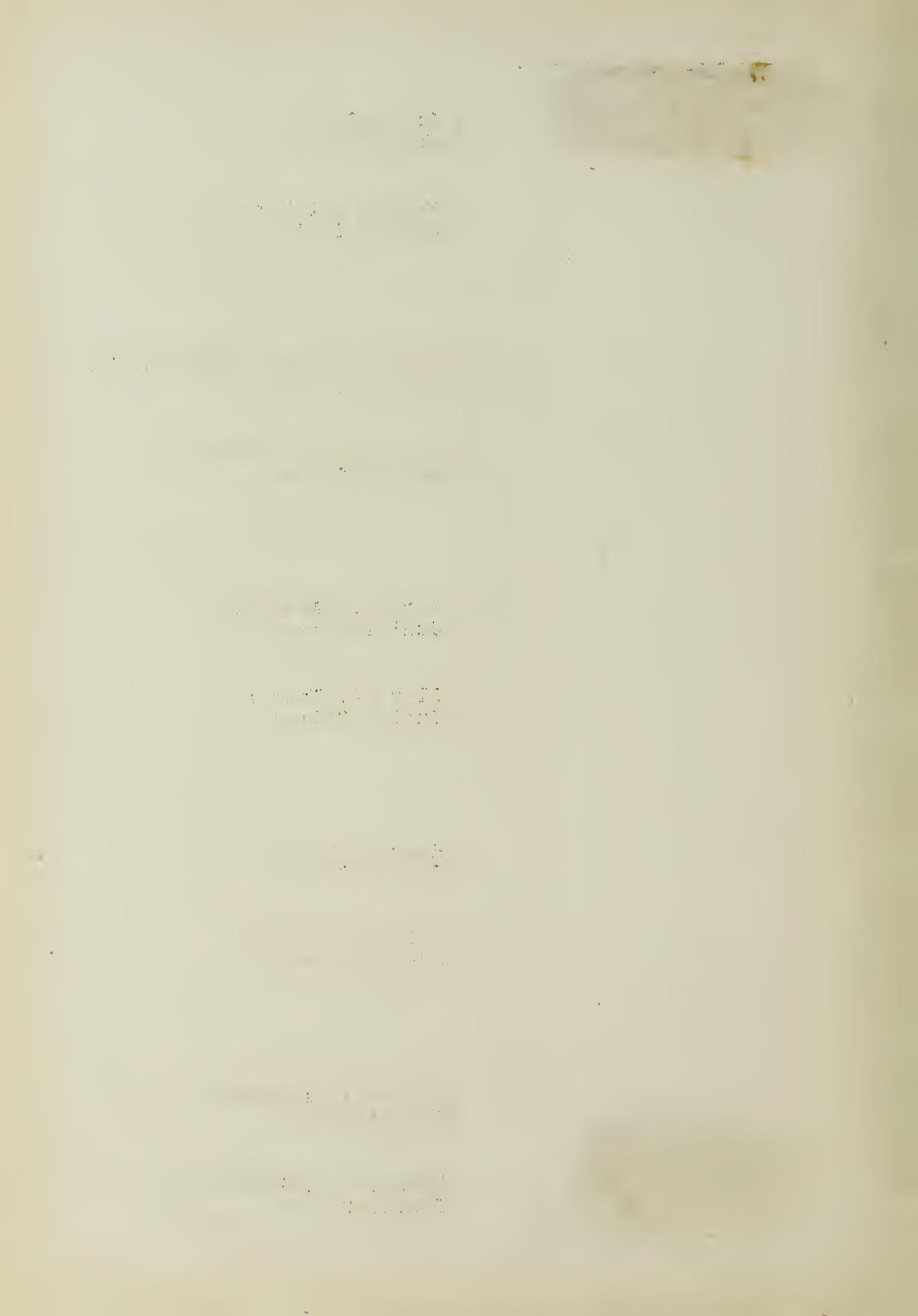
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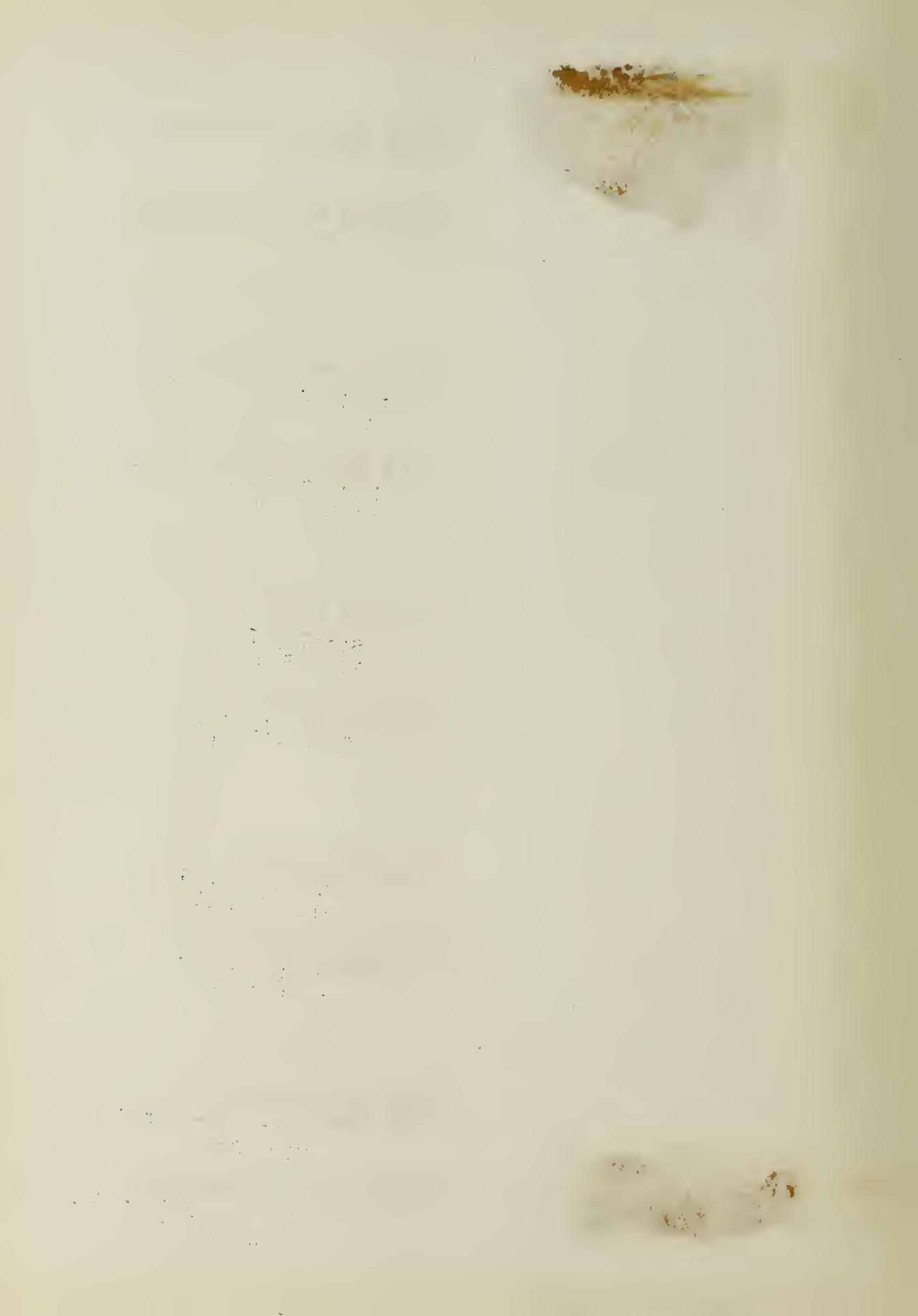


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James Francis O'Brien
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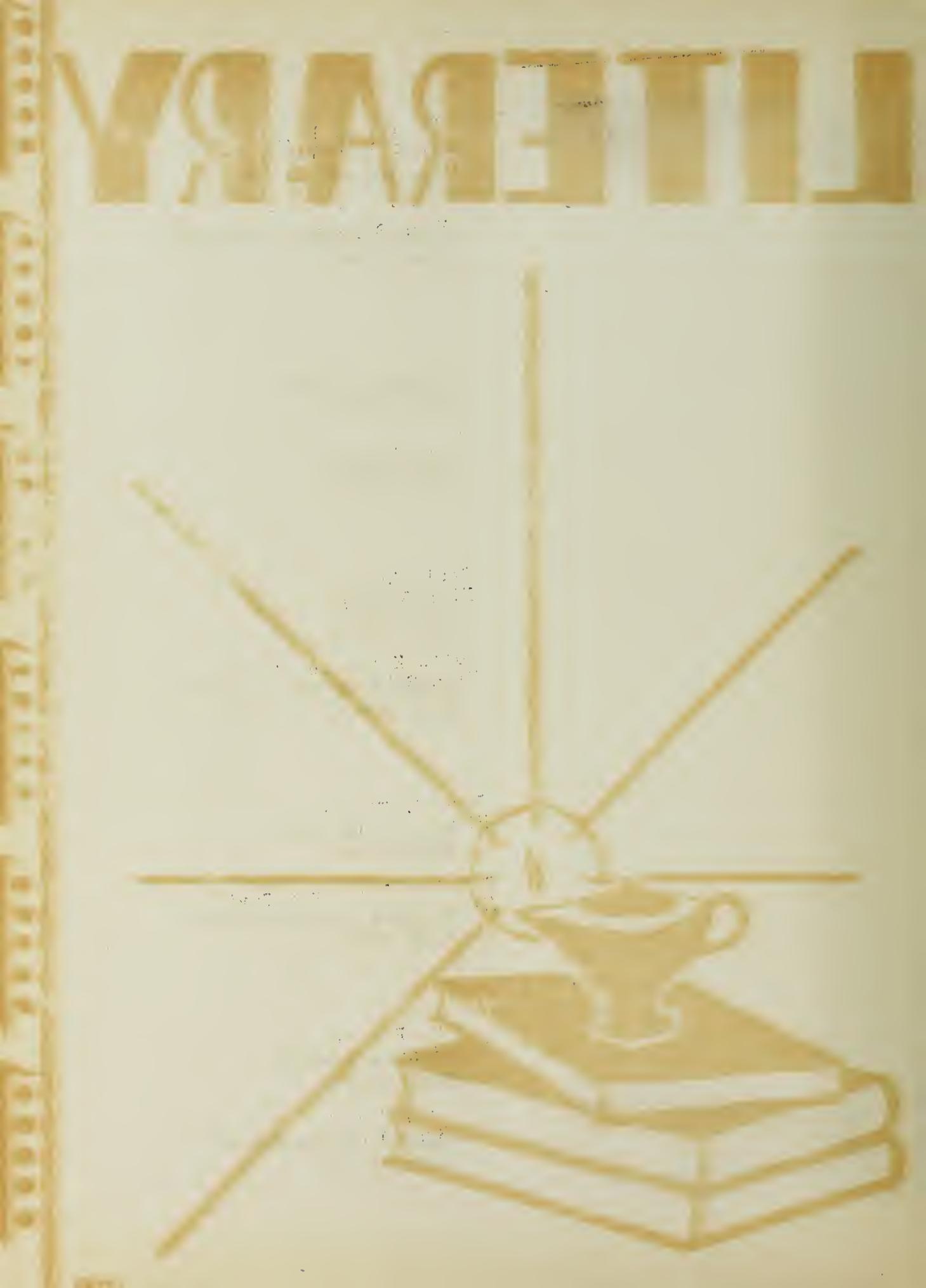
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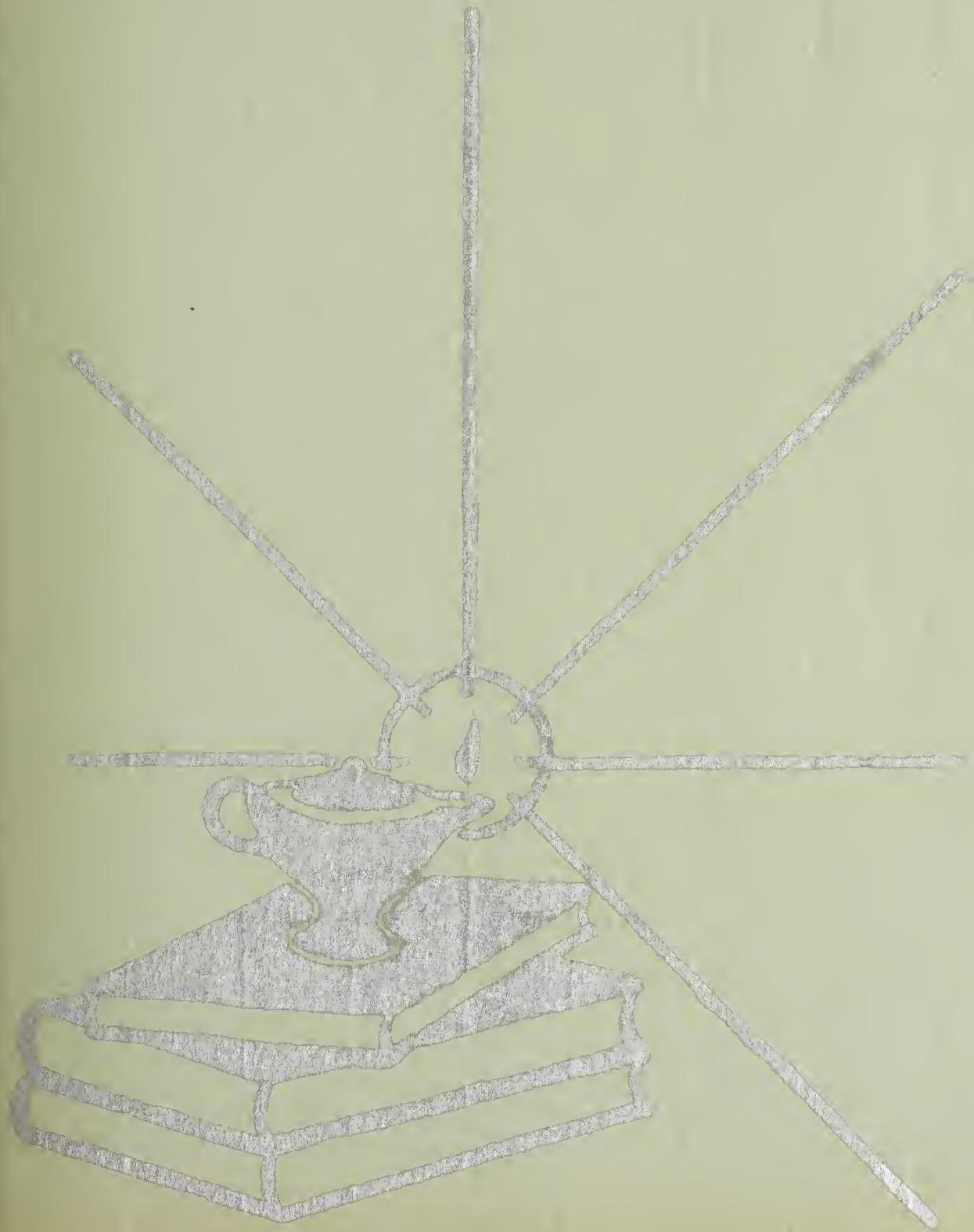


William Parrell
High School

Dorothy Anita Ohnimus
High School



LITERARY



CHARACTERS



"ME - AND NAPOLEON"

If there ever was a fellow who admired Napoleon Bonaparte, that fellow was Adam Harvey. Adam went to the University of Tennessee and his room in Crothers' Hall was literally covered with pictures of the long dead "little emperor." All of his text books were splattered with sayings of Napoleon and in everything he did he tried to imitate Mr. Bonaparte.

The only trouble was that Adam Harvey looked nothing at all like Napoleon, that Adam Harvey wore shell-rimmed glasses and that Adam Harvey was consequently a poor athlete. But he tried hard and went out for the football team during his first year at college, only to be relegated to the inglorious scrub team after exactly one hour of practice. Adam was well-liked at the university, however. He had a quick sense of humor and the others all referred to him as "a pretty good fellow."

So it came to pass (as it says in the Bible) that September soon rolled around again and with it came King Football. And Adam Harvey, along with some two hundred others, answered the call for sturdy young men to represent the college on the field of battle. The coach smiled as he saw Adam among the aspirants and remarked to himself, "The kid has grit, anyhow!"

Somehow Adam stuck it out. Perhaps it was because the coach liked him personally, or maybe it was because he really had improved, but when Tennessee raced out on the field for their opening game with Nashville Tech, Adam ran out with the rest, even if he was last on the field.

All through the game he sat on the bench as his team mates rolled up a 54 to 0 score against the hapless invaders.

And all through the season, as Tennessee bowled over opponent after opponent, the little 145-pound Napoleon sat on the bench. He nearly got in the Arkansas game when the regular quarterback, Dutch Clark, hurt his leg, but Clark grinned disdainfully when Adam came trotting out on the field and ordered him back to the bench. Adam went with the suspicion of a tear welling up in his eye.

As Tennessee continued to win steadily, week after week, the papers set up a great clamor, praising them to the skies, urging Southern California, the Pacific Coast champion, to choose the southerners as their opponents in the Rose Bowl game on New Year's day. And Southern California gallantly agreed, provided that Tennessee beat their last scheduled opponent, Tulane.

Naturally the prospects of a long trip out west thrilled the boys. They talked of nothing else during practice sessions, and consequently forgot all about the fact that they had yet to beat Tulane in order to get that invitation. The coach ranted and raved, he stormed and blustered about how tough a team Tulane had. He pleaded that
(Continued on next page)

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Tulane had lost only one game all year, that Tulane's All-American halfback, Zimmerman, was unstoppable. The boys listened politely, then went off to talk about that trip to California--all but Adam Harvey.

As Napoleon would have done, Adam mapped out his campaign of battle. He studied Tulane formations, discussed with himself the best ways of halting Zimmerman. He knew there wasn't one chance in ten that he'd get in this game, but it was good to be prepared--Napoleon had said that.

Saturday--and Tulane.

55,000 people jammed the Tennessee Bowl to witness what promised to be a titanic struggle, between two of the greatest teams in the country. Betting odds were quote as favoring Tennessee, 2 to 1.

A confident, supremely cocky Tennessee team took the field fifteen minutes before game time, cavorting about, laughing, rolling on the green turf as if they were going on a Sunday School picnic instead of being just about to engage in a furious gridiron battle with one of the greatest teams in the nation.

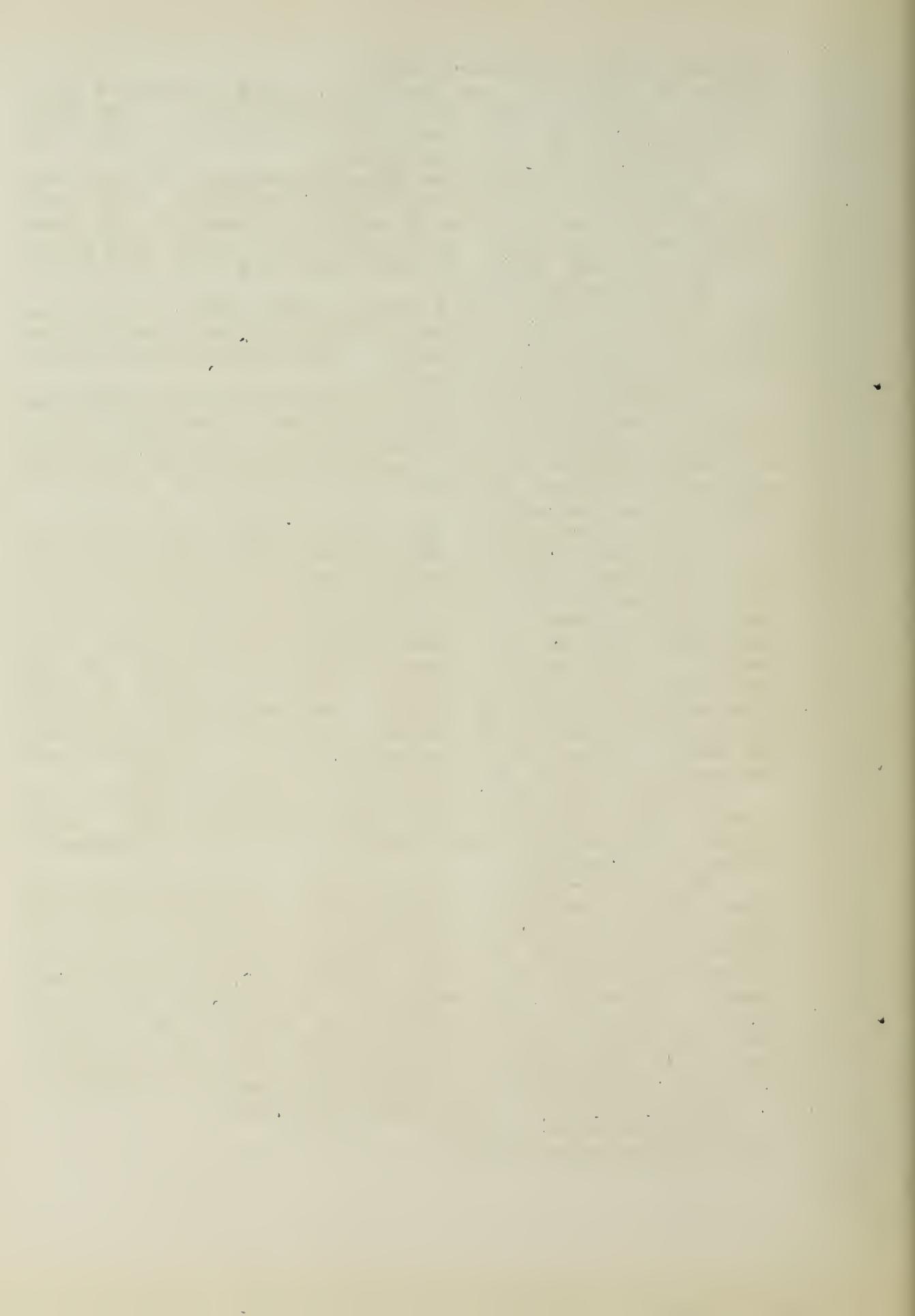
True to the coach's prediction, Tulane came into the battle primed and ready. And before seven minutes of play were completed, the scoreboard showed six points for Tulane and none for Tennessee. And Tulane, fiercely jubilant, settled down to play a defensive game. At half time they still had the lead. Adam trailed the despondent team members to the dressing rooms. And how the coach did lay out those battle-worn warriors. How he did lay into them with stinging criticism, biting sarcasm on how they were the "wonder team" of the South. He called them fatheads and other things not to be printed here. A blazing mad Tennessee team took the field for the second half.

But how Tulane was fighting! Victory within their grasp, they intended to hold onto it at any cost. They played hard and vicious football, and every Tennessee threat was repulsed.

Then came a break. Tulane threw a forward pass, and Dutch Clark, leaping high in the air, brought it down and started for the Tulane goal line, 55 yards away. He ran beautifully, dodged the great Zimmerman, and continued on his mad dash down the field, 25,000 wild-eyed Tennessee rooters screaming encouragement. Passing the five yard line. The referee raised his arms in token of a touchdown and 25,000 people went crazy! But Clark did not rise. The tackle had snapped his left ankle. As he was carried, groaning in pain, off the field, every person in the stadium rose in tribute. . . the score was tied. . .

"HARVEY! IN FOR CLARK!"

(Continued on next page)



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The words, booming out from the other end of the bench hit Adam like a bucket of ice water. He gulped twice, grabbed a headgear, hitched up his baggy pants, and went trotting out on the field, knees bumping together every time he took a step.

Mechanically, Adam gave the signal for Gregg, the big fullback, to try a placekick for the extra point. He dropped into position to hold the ball in place. It came back booming from center. Adam upended it, held it as Gregg's big foot swung. The toe hit leather and the ball, describing a perfect arc, sailed over the heads of frantic Tulane men and split the ozone between the white posts. Tennessee 7, Tulane 6. The field was a bedlam!

The game wore on, Tennessee battling madly, fighting Tulane off, Tulane desperately trying, in some way, to get that lead back. Adam wasn't doing much. Simply calling the plays, trying his best to knock his man down, running back the Tulane punts as best he could. Fourth quarter. Ten minutes, five minutes left to play, 3, 2, 1!

And then the Gods of Fate, figuring that they had already given Tennessee one break in the game, decided to even matters. With the timer's gun ready in his hand, Tulane desperately smashed a hole through the center of the Tennessee line. Through it, legs driving like pistons, a scowl on his none too handsome face, came Mike Zimmerman! Past Schultz! Past Gregg! Past Darrow! And now in the open field, bearing down toward the goal line, with only 145 pounds of Adam Harvey between him and victory!

Poor Adam. On his shoulders, he thought, rested the fate of Tennessee's perfect record of their chances for going to California. Zimmerman was drawing nearer swiftly running like the wind, 185 pounds of smashing beef, bone and muscle. Like a thundering locomotive he bore down on Adam.

As all good quarterbacks should do in a case like this, Adam got his man between him and the sidelines. With Zimmerman five yards away, Harvey left his feet, eyes glued on those galloping knees.

And then the world came to an end for Adam Harvey. A terrific impact smashed him to the ground with such force that his helmet was knocked ten feet in the air. But Zimmerman hit with all those 145 pounds, went spinning through the air and hit the earth with a crash, still twenty yards from Tennessee's goal line as the gun ended the game!

* * * * *

Adam opened his eyes wearily, gazed up at a white ceiling, saw he was in a white bed in a white room.

The coach stood by the bed. He patted Adam's thin shoulder.

"You sure saved the day for Tennessee, son," he said, "But you sure met your Waterloo."

Adam grinned happily.

"Yeh," he whispered, "Me and Napoleon."

A CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY

We arrived in Bergen, Norway, on Christmas Eve. My grandfather, an uncle, and an aunt came to the pier to meet us and conducted us through the quaint streets of Bergen. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and as it gets dark very early over there, the city was softly bright with lights. The snow was coming down in large white flakes which gleamed as they passed the lighted windows. It was a story-book Christmas to me, who had never seen snow before.

We had to take a small boat to reach my grandfather's island, which is called Spjuto. We walked through deep snow to my grandfather's huge stone house.

On the floors of the halls and the kitchen were strewn finely cut bits of evergreen from the juniper bush. These along with the spicy fragrance of cookies, cakes, and pickled meats gave the house a very "Christmassy" smell.

At seven o'clock we all went out on the porch and listened to the chimes of the church bells in Bergen, which sounded clearly across the water in the light, cold air. For centuries it has been the custom of the country to ring in the Christmas. My grandfather remarked as we stood listening that as it had stopped snowing and was beginning to freeze, we could have good sleighing and skiing on Christmas day.

There was a special dinner at eight o'clock. The dining table was overflowing with all kinds of good food. My grandfather read a prayer from a Norwegian prayer book, then we sang a song and said grace. For dinner we had sotsuppe (sweet soup), crim riis (cream rice), and sie, a certain kind of fish. After the main course we had dessert, which consisted of all kinds of cakes, puddings, and cookies.

After dinner everyone went into the room where the Christmas tree was. It had been decorated by the children with strings of cranberries and popcorn, apples, oranges, gilded nuts, and candles of many different colors. Everyone joined in singing Christmas carols and dancing around the Christmas tree. Some of the neighbors came in to pay their respects and to see the Jule Niessen (Santa Claus). Suddenly all the lights were blown out except the candles on the Christmas tree. Everyone grew very quiet. The children stared breathlessly at the door, waiting eagerly for the good old Jule Niessen to knock. Tramp-tramp-knock knock, and in walked the funniest looking Santa Claus I had ever seen. He came into the room and began to chuckle and as he did so the funny red cap with the huge white tassel began to wobble. He had on a skiing outfit that looked suspiciously like my uncle Anton's. This Santa had no flowing beard; in fact he hadn't even a mustache. There

(Continued on the next page)

Where Santa Rides A Donkey

There is in South America a small country called Uruguay, where the dashing adventure and romance of the Argentine is dissolved in the quiet beauty of nature, away from the growing cities of Uruguay extends a country-side dotted with farm houses. The horizon of this peaceful scene is one continuous line of graceful curves formed from the many hills. In this dreamy atmosphere the people tend their farms and lead a quiet life. Their daily calendar does not show many holidays, for work is their motto. However, when Christmas comes round, they set work aside to celebrate this beautiful feast day. Christmas in Uruguay comes during the summer months and it is almost always spent outdoors in gay picnics. The Christmas dinner consists of one or two huge, barbecued steers which are enjoyed by the neighboring farmers.

The children's way of greeting Saint Nicholas on Christmas Eve has nothing, whatsoever, to do with cheery fireplaces and long black stockings. Santa, when he arrives in Uruguay, discards his reindeer and sleigh, and journeys on a very pretty donkey so the children say. When Santa travels from house to house on the back of his donkey, he finds awaiting him two very large platters placed on the front steps. One of the platters is filled with grain for the donkey, and the other, to Santa's delight, is left empty. With a hearty chuckle he heaps the platter with sweets and toys, after which--he goes merrily on his way. The next morning front doors are opened early and to the children's delight one platter is found empty, but the other full of sweets. Their Saint Nicholas has come, and with beaming faces they look longingly at the sweets. Again Santa brings happiness into the world--may he continue his success.

Amy Ghazzi-37-J

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was a kjeepa (Basket) on his back, and as he put it down I saw that it was full of presents. He had a beautiful long sled with him which turned out to be a present for me.

After the distribution of gifts I went up to him and said, "You make a wonderful Jule Niessen, Uncle Gustva." This was rather a blow to him as he thought he was completely deceiving me.

The next morning my grandfather came up and knocked on the door and wished us Gladly Yule (Merry Christmas) and gave us a drink of Mjod, a Christmas drink of sweet wine, which has been used for many centuries. Behind him came my grandmother with a large tray of cookies and cakes of all kinds.

The Christmas holidays are very festive and extend over a period of three weeks, during which the people hold open house for strangers as well as for their friends and relatives.

Chinese New Year

In Chinatown there is an air of expectancy and activity, for the New Year is approaching. Festive papers flutter from the doorways, and pots of lilies garnish the balconies. Faithful to the ethics of their ancient country, merchants and housewives hurry to set their houses in order and discharge all debts. Grocers clear their shelves for delicacies and confections that will satisfy the most exacting epicure. Waterlily and sweetmeat stands dot the heart of Chinatown. Ladies import silken garments from the Orient in time to deck themselves for the celebration.

Before New Year the older people change their cash into quarters, fifty cent, and dollar pieces. Each silver coin is wrapped in a small square of paper made and decorated for that purpose. This "Lai Sye" or "Luck" is given to the children of friends and neighbors.

You will find in almost every home during New Year a dainty, gaily colored candy container made of china or of wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl. It is usually shaped like a hexagon with compartments for coconut strips, candied melon, ginger, nuts, and fruits. When this dish is passed around after you have had your tea, you may--if you desire--place "Lai Sye" there to bring luck to the household.

New Year is one feast after another to the average Chinese. Some of the favorite dishes that find themselves on almost every table are pineapple spareribs cooked with bamboo shoots, roast duck with chopped nuts, crab omelet with chopped bamboo shoots and water chestnuts. These dishes are rich but delicately flavored.

Fireworks start late in the morning and last until late in the evening. Rows of gigantic firecrackers are suspended from buildings and are set off. Quite often the dragon comes writhing up the street. It opens and closes its jaws, pulls its huge head jerkily from side to side. Packs of firecrackers are thrown at it, to be extinguished by its lashing tail.

Chinese New Year to an outsider is noise galore, to a Chinese housewife it is work galore, and to a Chinese boy or girl it's fun galore.

--Daisy Fong, 35J

Definition of a Scholar

A good student likes to study and studies for the love of learning. His experience tells him that a good scholar never tries to get by without studying. He makes his work a pleasure and his classes are an enjoyment. He respects the rights of others and endeavors not to waste the time of the class. He takes his assignments without grumbling and gives them his undivided attention. He is one who stands out in life.

--C. Meyn, 36X

Traffic Jams

Traffic jams offer a remarkable opportunity for the study of human nature in its various forms, especially if the observer is in the thick of things:

As an ancient and experienced traffic jammer I have noticed that all good traffic jams always have four types of personalities. First, the red-faced irate horn honker, usually to be found about three cars away from the central entanglement. He may be nearer the heart of things, but he's almost always too close to the scene for the comfort of others and too far away to satisfy his own curiosity. In this particular traffic jam we will let him remain in the background to supply the correct atmosphere.

The second type is the timid apoloizer. Many times he is the main fender bumper who has great difficulty in managing a harassed, henpecked expression on his face. The worried knit of his perspiring brow and the droop of his tired shoulders suggest the weight of an unpaid gas bill.

The third individual is of the dapper type. He will emerge from his roadster condescendingly, dust his scarred fender and with disdainful sniffs climb back into his car and skillfully disentangle himself from the difficulties.

The fourth person, of course, is the traffic officer who arrives too late to actually solve the difficulties but early enough to tweet his shiny whistle and exhale a gilt button or two from his coat front.

After the battle is over, and everyone is unwound, each goes his own way refreshed by the thought of the recent conquest.

Margaret Hill, 35X

The Storm God's Steeds

The cold, gray mist of St. Francis Bay,
Falls a dismal, dewy shroud that
Blankets the dripping hulks that lie
Awaiting calls to far-off lands.
Soon a wheezy anchor winch will
Snort and tug on a moulding chain
To free the bonds that hold them still
And like a silent, phantom fleet,
Will slip away through murky swells
To combat with the briny deep,
In answer to the Storm God's yells.
Rusty red keel plates hiss through
The waters to far-distant shores
Where, if their courses have been true,
They will discharge their precious stores
And then prepare anew to fight
The endless battle with the deep.

R. Gulmon, 36X

POTRERO NUEVO by Geo. A. Merrill

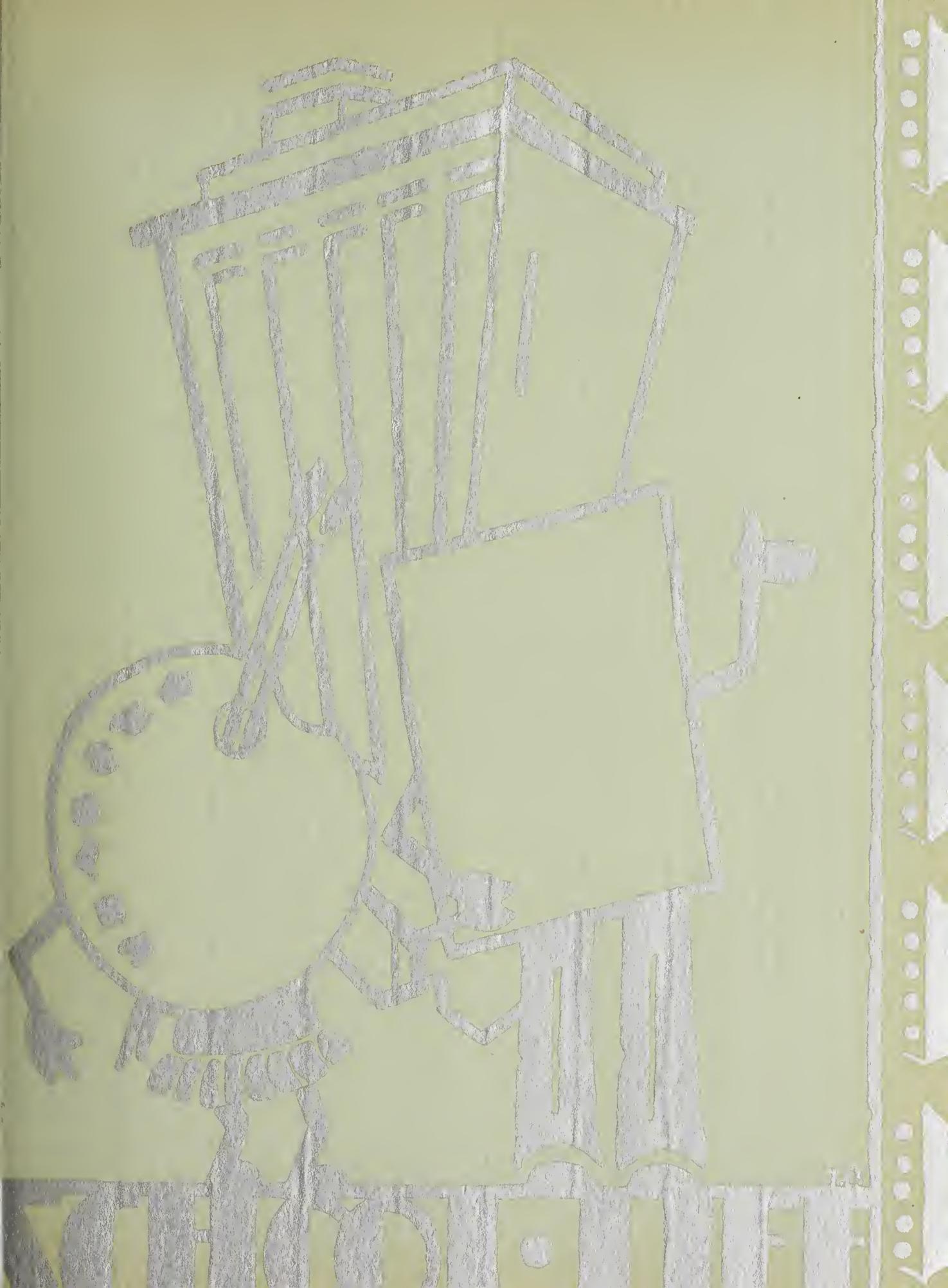
January 5, 1935 will mark the fortieth anniversary of the opening of the Lick School. For transportation we were then dependent on a lonesome little, one-horse, bob-tail street car, which shuttled between Howard Street and the County Hospital, by way of Tenth Street and Potrero Avenue. The bob-tail reference is to the car itself, and not to any shortcomings of the Horse. Before the advent of cable cars, the cars running on Market Street were two-horse affairs, with platforms front and rear, manned by a driver and conductor. On Mission and Howard Streets, and in the outlying districts, one-horse cars were the prevailing type, the entrance being at the middle of the rear end. Fares were deposited by the passengers in a coin box at the front, under such supervision as the driver could spare from the horse.

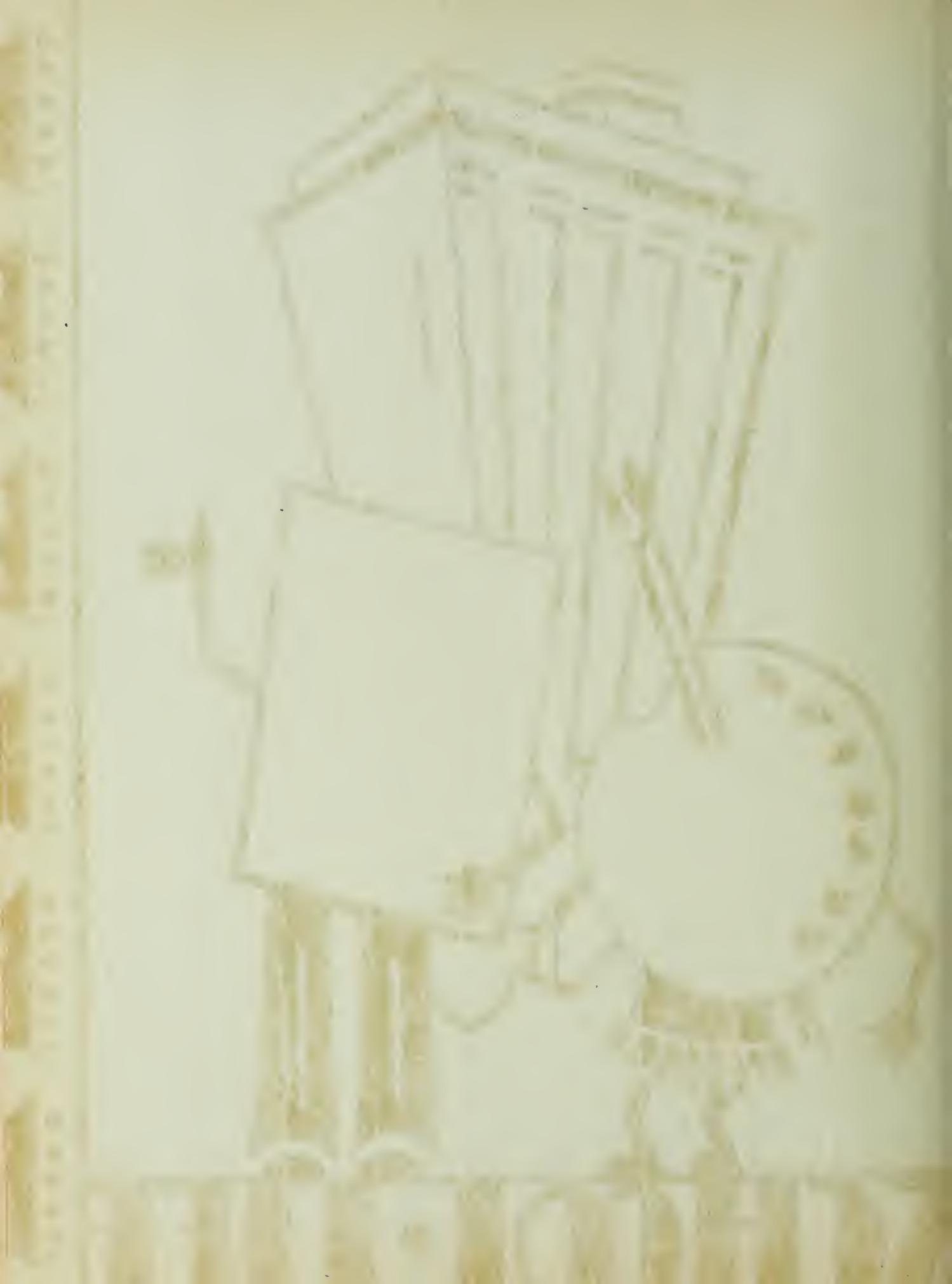
In startling contrast with this primitive picture of pioneer days are the things now happening on Potrero Avenue. Automobile traffic from the westerly ramp of the Oakland Bridge will be routed out Harrison and Bryant Streets from Fifth Street to Tenth Street, and down Tenth Street to Potrero Avenue, which has become the northerly reach of the Bayshore Highway. Traffic from the Golden Gate Bridge will be routed down Lombard Street to Van Ness Avenue, and thence down Van Ness Avenue and over Tenth and Eleventh Streets to Potrero Avenue.

To accommodate this traffic the curbs on Potrero Avenue are being set back seven feet, in order that there may be provided on either side of the street car tracks two traffic lanes and a parking strip. Ordinarily the setting back of a curb is not a large undertaking, but in this instance the multitude and magnitude of the changes now under way bring forcibly to mind the importance that Potrero Avenue has assumed, not only as a highway for vehicles, but as one of the main arteries through which seemingly all of the City's major facilities and commodities of public utility and service are circulated and distributed. A four-foot gas main, high pressure water system, fresh water service, power lines and transformers, telephone cables, traffic signal circuits, -all of these things are being placed under ground, and trolley poles erected on our property line.

A new Potrero-Potrero Nuevo, indeed. And back of it all is a history with which I happen to be somewhat familiar, through associations that began with my early childhood and have continued in an unbroken sequence of more than sixty years. Bits of this history have never been "annalized", but some of its important threads have never been woven into an appropriate pattern. Now that The Potrero is being re-discovered by the populace of San Francisco and its hinterland, and since the Lick, Wilmerding and Lux Schools have long been identified with this terra incognita, I have prepared this article as the first of a few unpretentious, but perhaps interesting, contributions to the L.W.L. Alumni News. The caption--Potrero Nuevo--dates back into the Spanish regime preceding the American occupation of California.







STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

Lick Wilmerding

President:	Robert Hosking	Yell Leader:	John Gelcich
Vice President:	Arthur Brown	Historian:	Gordon Black
Secretary:	Lewis Smith	Custodian:	Earl Wilder

Lux

President:	Agnes Mullen	Secretary:	Hertha Koons
Vice Pres:	Isabel McCullough	Historian:	Elinor Steventon

The Final Rally

Gay with the knowledge that the vacation had already begun, the students gathered in Merrill Hall on the afternoon of December 12, for their final rally. The last examination had ended at noon, and the holiday spirit prevailed as the students got together for the festivities. The hall was decorated with Christmas greens, and a tiny Christmas tree glittered from the stage. As a change from the usual order, the final rally and dance were held in the afternoon instead of the evening so that more students could attend.

By way of entertainment, two plays were presented by the boys. The glee clubs of both Lick Wilmerding and Lux participated in the program. Donald Price sang several solos. Following an old custom, the new officers of the student body were installed just before the close of the program. The rally was then formally closed with the school song and an "alibibo" yell.

The school orchestra furnished the music for the dance which lasted until a quarter of five.

The Grand Cham's Diamond

"It's the Grand Cham's diamond! It's worth more than the Kohinoor!" Such were the exclamations of the Perkins family when they discovered that the supposed glass marble thrown into their window was the famous Grand Cham's diamond. The usually dull life of Pa, Ma, and Polly Perkins was upset in a very mysterious manner, but most decidedly was the matter brought to a finish by Ma Perkins.

The whole sinister plot was presented by the boys' Forum Club on December 12. The part of Mrs. Perkins, the excitement desiring old mother, was portrayed by Egeberg, while Mr. Perkins, her dubious and rather hesitant husband was played by Andrews. The timid yet ambitious daughter Polly was acted by Padden. Polly's beau, a man whose occupation was unknown, was played by McEnnerney. Of course there was a mysterious dark stranger entering the scene; he was Dekar.

"The Brink of Silence"

Imagine being alive, yet dead! This was the predicament in which Sir Gilbert Darton, the leading character of "The Brink of Silence," found himself. He returned from an unsuccessful Antarctic exploration to find that he was supposedly dead, and that his wife was remarried!

"The Brink of Silence" was produced by the boys at the final rally, December twelfth. Andrews, who played the part of sir Gilbert, was ably assisted by Baker, who was cast as the dissatisfied Macready. Fernandes enacted the role of Sir Gilbert's son, who made his father's dream come true; and Black played the injured fellow-explorer.

The serious nature of the play made it an interesting departure from the farces which the boys usually choose for school production.

Senior Class Has Food Sales

"Can you spare a dime for a cup of coffee and a pair of doughnuts?" Such were the entreaties of high senior girls in their effort to add funds to the class treasury. The rare delicacies met the approval of the school epicures. With the student body and faculty support, the class made a clear profit of fifteen dollars.

Because this sale was so successful, the girls next gave a cake sale in which slices of delectable cake could be purchased for ten cents each. This enterorise resulted in an additional nine dollars, making the total profit twenty four dollars. Mathematics will prove that if twenty four dollars be added to the treasury each term, in a mere twenty thousand years the sum will be one million dollars. Freshman classes, take note!

Balloon Dance

Gaily colored balloons, festooned across the ceiling and waving in long strings from the chandeliers, transformed Merrill Hall into a scene of merriment for the Junior College dance on September 28. Far different was the scene later in the evening when the once bright bits lay wilted on the floor.

The music was furnished by Johnny Delnor's orchestra which proved very popular.

The prize dance of the evening was won by that gay Lothario, Nic Pierovich and his partner.

*** ***

Mr. Wood, who has been teaching at Lick-Wilmerding since 1900, took his first leave of absence this term. He left school on September 28 of this year, and after spending about two weeks in the hospital, and another two weeks at home resting, he returned to us enjoying his usual good health.

Lux Acquires Museum

Who would have thought that Lux had a museum? Of course, it isn't huge, uninteresting rooms of ancient relics, but just a tiny, informal, and miscellaneous group about which one could be chatty.

"You know," says Miss Jenkinson of the Art Department in which the collection is housed, "That the plan of our miniature museum is to collect fascinating objects from every country in the world."

One of the prize pieces, a small jug of Japanese cloisonne, has a sentimental as well as an intrinsic value. Usually this work is done on metal, but this particular jar is cloisonne over satsuma, a Japanese material, in a Persian design. For this reason, it is quite unusual; moreover, there are only five of these jars in existence. It is thought that it was given to Lux by Mrs. Phoebe Hearst when the school was founded.

Another interesting article is a piece of glass gale, fifty years old. Also highly prized is a beautiful, deep-oblone vase, hand-painted in delicate pastel colors, which was given to Mrs. Lux in 1880. It was presented to the school in 1921.

Already there are many countries represented in the collection: a dainty Dresden china dish and a decorated stein from Germany; tiny, unusual vases from the Orient; an English pitcher showing the knights of King Arthur's day on their chargers; pieces of Italian onyx; a mummy and heads and charms from weird Egypt; a graceful Greek figure and vases; jars and pottery from the Indians, the Mexicans, and the Italians.

Why not drop in at Miss Jenkinson's room and become acquainted with the museum?

Window Displays

Have you noticed the attractive window displays in the Lux hall? The girls in store service are designing and planning them. At first, the girls worked in groups, but now each student individually plans and prepares a display.

The arrangements exhibit originality and are designed to show the significance of color. The displays are simple, but require ingenuity, as the girls do not have an entire store from which to choose their articles.

The Founder's Day and Hallowe'en displays were certainly a credit to the school and to the girls who planned them. Some of the most effective arrangements have been planned by Suzanne Fox, Maxine Rees, and Esther Magnani.

HOW IS YOUR DARKROOM TECHNIQUE?

Never thinking such drastic and wonderful changes possible, all Lux is thrilled with the four new darkrooms constructed during the summer. These rooms are fully equipped with the best of photographic apparatus: a new Elwood professional projection camera, flood lights, white enamel developing trays, safety lights, three printing boxes, an Eastman self-focusing projection camera, an accurately balanced scale, a cabinet filled with appropriate chemicals, acid-proof sinks, a ventilator, and an interval timer that keeps track of seconds for very fine work. All these are included in the modern equipment that the Lux Trustees have so generously made provision for. Miss Sylva has donated to the photography students the use of her Graflex camera.

With all these materials, coupled with the enthusiasm and efforts of the girls, excellent results have already been produced. The work this term has centered on lighting and pictorial effects suitable for advertising photography. Outdoor action pictures, portraits, and still life studies have also been made.

These improvements have made possible a much more advanced study in the field of photography.

MEET MR. COMBS

The first impressions one gets of the new Electric Shop teacher are of dignity, efficiency, and a pleasing personality. He comes from Colorado, where he received his education. He was for twenty-two years in the employ of the General Electric Company, both in the West and in the East.

Mr. Combs chief interest, outside his work in electricity, is classical music. He attends the opera frequently and enjoys the symphony concerts. He is also a great lover of good books.

When he was interviewed for this paper, he spoke more of the boys than of himself. "I am very much indebted to the boys in my classes," he said, "for the whole-hearted reception they have given me. They have worked hard and have accomplished much."

The new stage lighting plan at Lux is one of the outstanding projects of the Electrical Department this term.

NEW STAGE LIGHTING INSTALLED AT LUX

The largest individual project to be completed by any shop at Lick during the last semester was the installation of the lighting system for the stage at the Lux School. This piece of work was consummated after the boys of the electrical department, following the specifications set down by Mr. Merrill, had labored for twelve weeks. Mr. Johnson, the metal shop instructor during Mr. Wood's absence, took complete charge of the wiring, and the fact that he was experienced in this particular branch of work solved a great problem.

Three groups of lights were constructed. The border lights, which are placed along the top of the stage, consist of sixteen 150-watt globes placed one foot apart. On each side of the stage, eight side lights in metal troughs were built, mounted on a pipe so that all the lights may be easily moved into any desired position between the floor and ceiling. The footlights, consisting of forty-eight lamps divided into three circuits, were placed on the stairs leading to the stage. One lamp circuit is white, while the other two are red and blue, respectively.

The whole arrangement of lights is controlled by a switchboard built on the left-hand side of the stage. The switchboard is made up of six dimmers, seven single-lights, and a lamp which illuminates only the board itself.

Each separate circuit had a dimmer inserted into the line so that any group of lights on the stage may be brought to the desired intensity. There are also nine convenience outlet plugs placed at different locations about the stage, all of which may be controlled from the switchboard. One man can easily operate all the lights rapidly and accurately.

All equipment used on this job is of the most modern type, so that stage lighting can compare favorably with any of its size, both from an electrical and from an artistic standpoint.

STUDENTS SEE TELETYPE MACHINE

On October 22, 1934, a group of students from Lick and Lux were shown the intricacies of the teletype machine in action. An official of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company demonstrated, with the aid of two machines, how a message of any kind can be sent and an answer received. One big advantage of this new machine is the fact that a permanent copy of the message is available at any time at the sending as well as the receiving end. The machine is similar to a typewriter, having a key board, a carriage, and the same method of printing.

The students, some of whom hope to be future teletype operators, were interested in the theory and construction of the machine as well as in its operation.

New Equipment in Drawing Department

Two new pieces of equipment have recently been placed in the mechanical and architectural drawing room. The first is an apparatus by which drawings and plans of practically any type may be reproduced. This apparatus is simple both in construction and in operation, being merely an air tight box into which ammonia gas is introduced. The drawing to be reproduced is made on a piece of transparent paper or cloth. A piece of sensitized paper is placed under the drawing and exposed to the sunlight. The sensitized paper is then placed in the metal box. The ammonia gas is introduced into the box and the print is allowed to remain in the box for ten minutes. That part of the sensitized paper which the sunlight has reached is attacked and turned white. The area which the sunlight did not reach is preserved in color.

The second piece of apparatus is a device whereby any kind of print, whether it be a page of book newspaper, or magazine, may be reproduced. A plate containing a certain radium salt is exposed to light for a few minutes for the purpose of "loading" the plate with light. The magazine page to be reproduced is then placed between the plate and a piece of highly sensitized paper. The secondary light from the plate passes through the sensitized paper before striking the printed page. After an exposure of 18 to 20 seconds the sensitized paper is developed just like an ordinary photographic plate, resulting in a negative of the printed page. This negative can finally be used by the same process for the production of innumerable positive prints, direct duplicates of the magazine article.

By the use of this process a reproduction of printed matter may be made without destroying the original.

Sewing Department makes Large Donation

One of the outstanding achievements of the sewing classes this term was the Lux donation to the Needlework Guide for its annual ingathering on October 15. One hundred and twenty-one garments were donated. Eighty were made in school, and the remainder donated by the girls.

Girls majoring in costume design have designed patterns, from which they have made coats, suits, dresses, and evening gowns. Forty-five yellow and white gymnasium suits have also been made.

All this work has been done under the capable supervision of Miss Jones, who has been a tremendous help to our new cutting table. Another improvement to the sewing department is the newly constructed fitting room.

CAMERA CLUB EXHIBITS WORK

A glass showcase for the exhibition of photographs taken and finished by the members of the Camera Club has been installed in the hall on the second floor of the Wilmerding building. Here the Club expects to hold a weekly exhibit so that those who do not belong will see the work that is accomplished and perhaps join the club. Paul Dekar, president of the Camera Club, and George Fohlen, secretary, have recruited several new members who have learned the simplicity and economy of finishing their own pictures. To make the work easier the dark rooms have been remodeled so that there are more facilities for producing good pictures.

To show the members how a large photographic concern operates profitably, the Camera Club visited the Bear Photo Company on October seventeenth.

ART WORK IN THE JOURNAL

The new screen process of design has been used for the first time in this issue of "Life." This newer form of design has been adopted in many schools and is especially adaptable to the mimeograph form of printing. The method is rather complicated, but it produces a dear and faultless design.

First, a very fine mesh silk screen is made by stretching the silk and tacking it to a frame. The design is placed underneath the screen, which is transparent. The design is traced on the silk with dye and is filled in with a lettering solution which is water soluble. This is the secret of the screen process, as the water solution is later washed out.

After the solution has dried, the screen is covered with a lacquer, which forms the negative. Then the screen is held under a water faucet, which washes off the solution. The lacquer blisters and peels off. The stencil is now ready to print. When this design is completely on the silk screen, it is transferred to paper, and the design is finished.

This new method involves more work than other methods, but it is very satisfactory for journal work and produces a beautiful design.

LUX STUDENT TAKES GAS

Lillian Tuggey was given a fair chance to recover after being gassed by Dr. Scott, a Lux dentistry instructor for the noble purpose of experimenting in behalf of the advancement of education. The departure from the world of consciousness(?) to the state of deep slumber was brought about in a very simple manner. It was not a long way to go. Upon awakening, our scientific martyr lost all further ambition to benefit mankind; in fact, she was so ill that school was forgotten for the rest of the day.

ART NEWS

Scenery and costumes for this term's Forum plays have occupied the art department for several weeks. Stage sets and character costumes have been designed and made under the direction of Miss Jenkinson.

Clever, original blocks for dance invitations and effective decorations for the dances have also been designed by the committees in charge.

A class in clay modeling that literally started itself has been busy modeling hat stands for the millinery classes. Delightful murals and attractive posters relating to the club, class, and dance affairs have been designed. Original designs for Christmas cards papercraft clay modeling and soap carving have occupied the time of many girls. The art classes also arranged the floral decorations for social occasions.

MISS PARKHILL, THE NEW LUX TEACHER

Not everybody has met or even seen Miss Parkhill yet but everyone ought to know her. She looks like one of the students, and is soft-spoken and quiet, but she knows how to be amusing and entertaining.

She graduated from the University of California with the class of '30. During her years at college she held positions of many kinds, ranging from clerk, salesgirl, secretary, librarian, to reporter and interviewer for newspapers. Now, she not only teaches business courses, as she is doing here, but also dramatics.

Journalism and dramatics are two of her hobbies. She likes reading, and has a growing library of her own at home, in Piedmont. Her books range from philosophies to detective stories, with French books plays, and modern poetry well represented. She enjoys music, especially good symphonies, and she is enthusiastic over tennis or any other vigorous sport.

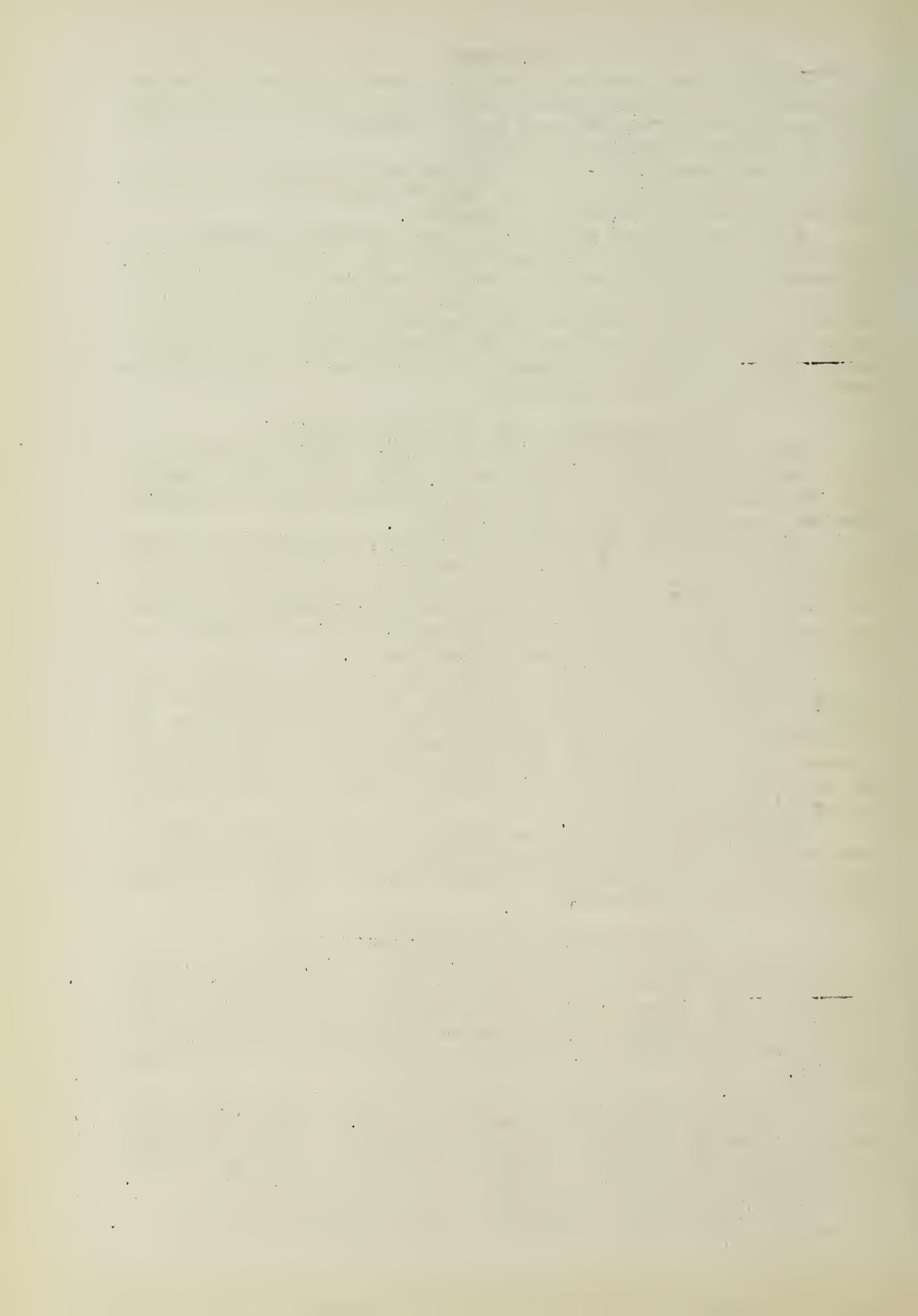
Miss Parkhill likes Lux because she sees that everyone is here for a definite purpose, and because it is so much easier and more gratifying to teach when the students are eager to learn.

LICK EXPERIMENTS IN HOUSING

A monolithic house, designed by Mr. Merrill, was erected in Red Bluff, California, during the summer of 1934. Plans for the construction were made by the Lick drawing class, and the actual building was under the direction of Mr. Mighall, a former teacher of the Lick and Wilmarding schools.

The house is intended to be fire, termite, sound, and waterproof and earthquake resistant. For warming, cooling, and air conditioning, ducts run through the walls from the foundations to the attic. In the summer cool air is forced through the air ducts and during the winter warm air.

This experiment is being watched closely because a house with all these advantages has long been desired.



Lux Plays

What do you think three poor old maids would do, if a handsome young doctor came to town? "The Bloom of Youth," a comedy presented by the Lux Forum Club answered this question humorously.

These three spinsters of uncertain age-Petunia, played by Dorothy Raeta, Rose, portrayed by Barbara Barnes, and Daisy, acted by Frances Kawalkowski-are all ancient relics, living in the dead past. A handsome doctor comes to town, and right away they are all a-flutter over him. Each is certain that Dr. Pell is the perfect image of her first (and only) sweetheart. However, they do not know how to attract him, until a beauty parlor opens in the village. Each sister, hoping to lure Dr. Pell by new charms, slips off to be made youthful again. What becomes of their efforts affords amusing entertainment.

Another play, "At the End of the Rainbow," was presented on November 13. This delightful fantasy tells the tale of Pierrot and Pierrette, two lovers. Pierrette fears that Pierrot thinks more of finding a pot of gold at the rainbow's end than he does of her. They quarrel, and Pierrot, angry, leaves her alone in a wood to wander on, still searching for the gold. But he misses her, and returns to her to find that she is his pot of gold.

Pierrette was played by Wilma Mathews, Pierrot by Noel Michelson, and a dainty, dancing Will o' the Wisp was gracefully portrayed by Juanita Palmer.

Glee Club Gossip

After nosing around in true Durante fashion, your reporter found the following to be true of our two vocal organizations.

The girls and boys, headed by Miss Sinclair and Mr. Britton, respectively, had a joint outing on October 17 at Iceland. The members proved that they could skate as well as sing, and they learned also that skating produces a hearty appetite which in this case was appeased at E. Alpers' home.

As for the musical activities of the groups, the girls whose president, by the way is G. Behrens, sang for the Founders' Day program, and made a good job of it. The boys Glee Club, whose twelve members are headed by H. Kelly, sang for the graduation.

The kind of music used by the groups varies according to the type of voices available, but is usually in three or four parts.

The sponsors and the members of both clubs feel that this has been an unusually successful term, and are looking forward expectantly to a new term full of promise and achievement.

MARRIAGES

The marriage of two former L-W-L students, Lenard Huntley and Mary Stanley, was celebrated on the tenth of November at Long Barn Lodge. Mary attended Lux for a time in the 32X class, and Lenard Huntley graduated from Lick Junior College last June. Their informal wedding was followed by a reception at the Lodge.

Other recently reported marriages are: Lois Suttle and Virgil King; Olive Goe, 31J, and E.H. Robinson; Theresa Arlic, 31X, and A.Mack; Edythe Corbella, 31X, and James De Groot; Evelyn Flanagan, 31X, and Frank L. McAfee; Viola Galli, 32J, and Norman Everton; Audrey Wilkins, 32J, and Laurence Elleson; Lois Cunningham, 32X, and Dallas Paul, T34J, and Andrew Graham.

ENGAGEMENTS

The following engagements have been announced: Eileen Jordan to Lester Losee; Amy Norris to Preston Hodges; Lillian Tuggey to Oscar Werner; Margaret Ann Schneider to Chalmers Boling; Dolores Royster to Mero Shafsky; Lorraine Biniarz to Wencil Storek 27X; Florence Cook 32J, to Charles Cunningham; Clair Kennedy, 34J, to Bert West.

BIRTH

To Mr. and Mrs. "Red" Chisholm
a baby girl

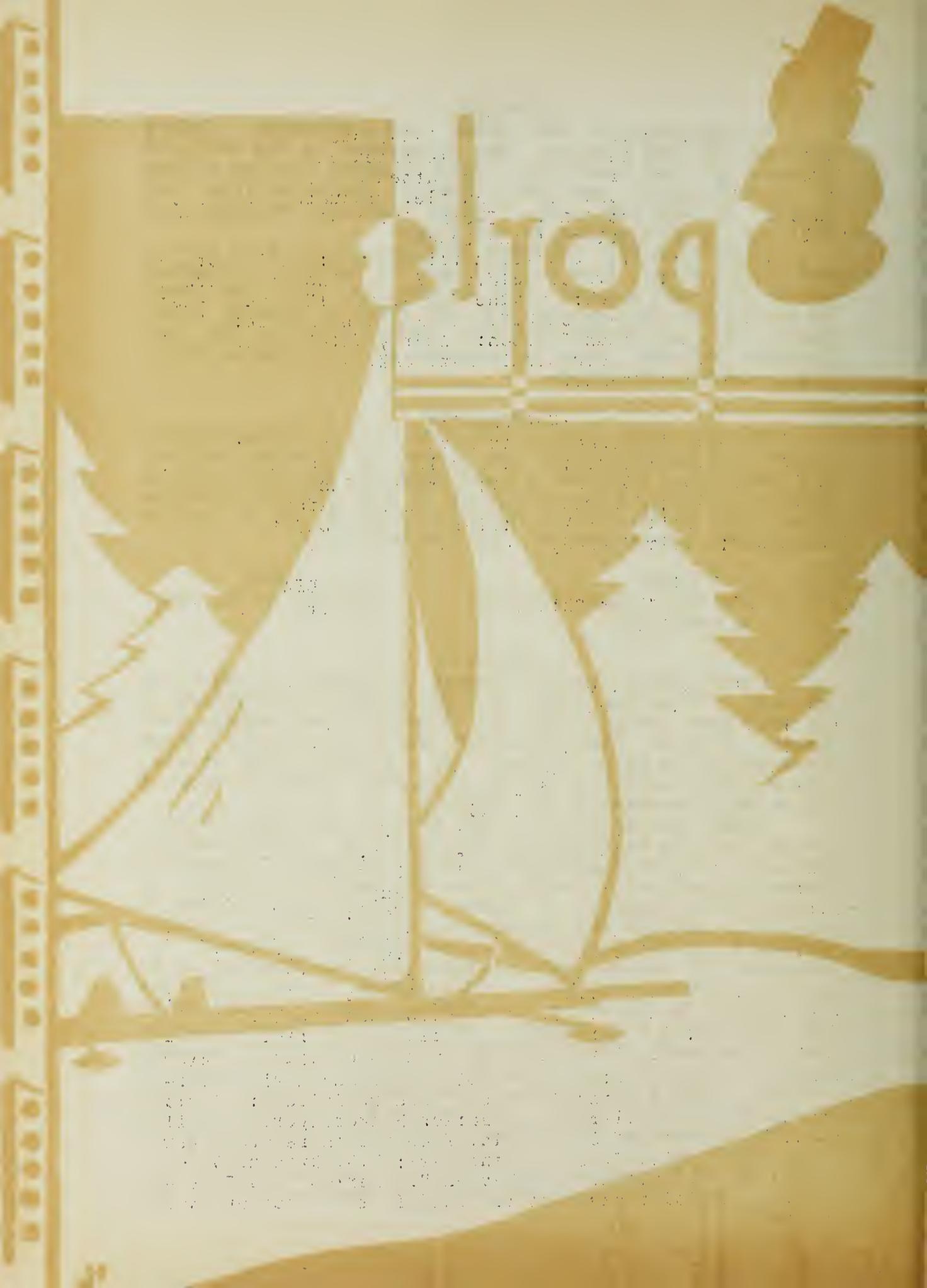
DEATH

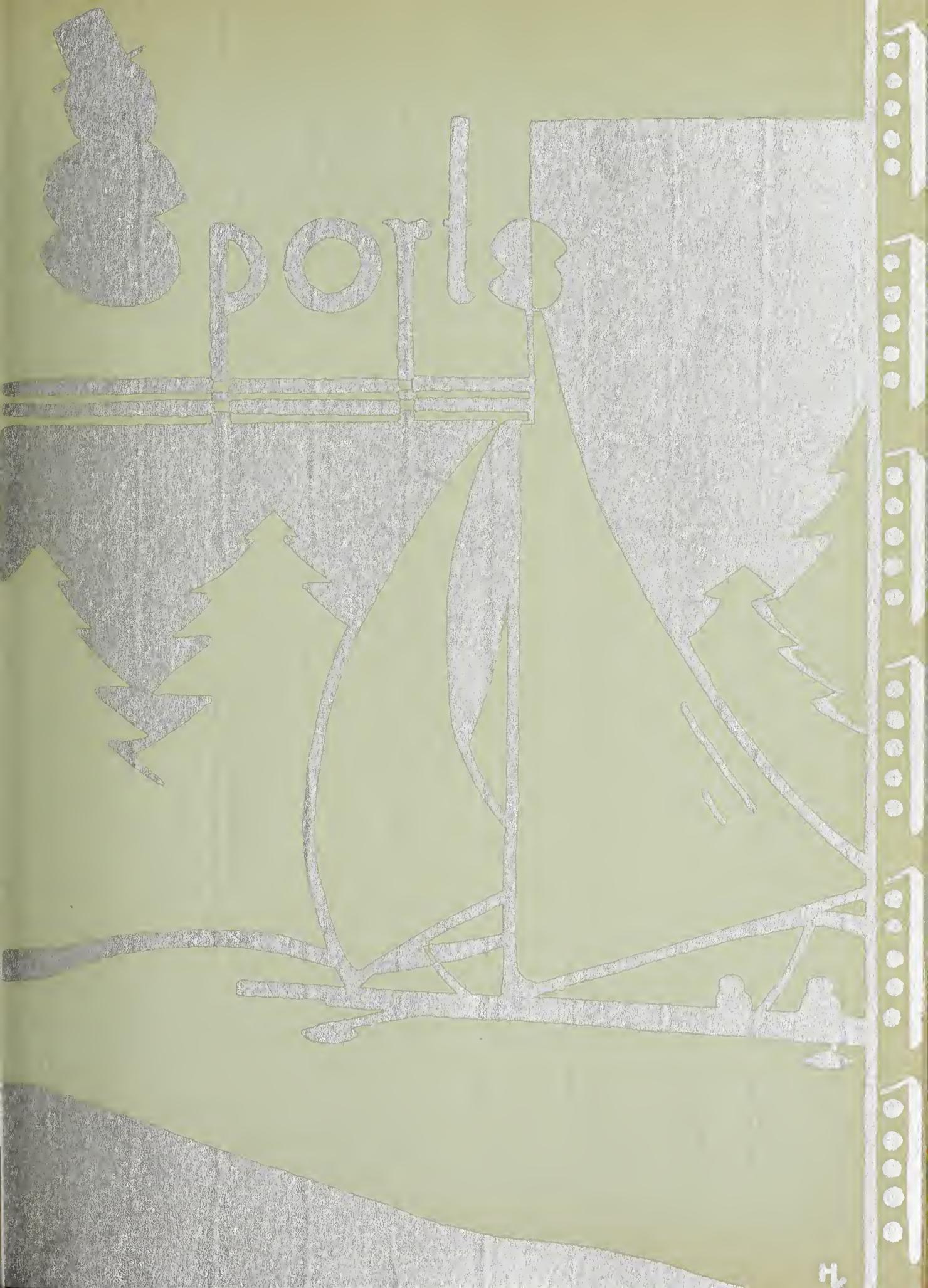
Eleanor Raetz T32X

NOTES

Twenty years have not dimmed the spirit of the class of 1914. When the class roll was called on September 21 of this year at the Hotel St. Germain, the members were there, even to "Babe Walker," who had to travel three thousand miles to be present. To celebrate their twentieth reunion the class had a photograph taken, a copy of which was presented to Mr. Merrill.

Twenty years later we take roll of the class of 34J. Those that are working are: R. Andreson, at McLeans; R. Burness, at the Langendorf Baking Company, George and Howard Escher, at Herberts Moore Company, J. W. Poley, at Mayron Wirtz Company, F. Fross, at Shell Oil Comoany, L Huntley, married and working; L. Nicolaides, on a ranch; O'Turner, at St. Francis Hotel as elevator operator; L. Colbert, D. Pease, and C. Hoppe are also working. R.H. Cole is playing baseball. Those going to college are: E. Aguado, to San Mateo J.C.; C. Schlichtmann, to University of California; P.D. Bryant, to college up North; J.S. Wilson to Cogswell Junior College. Among the girls seeking higher education are; Jeanette Dissmeyer and Marion Clarenbach, both attending San Jose Teachers College; Paula Gibony, Gladys Millard, and Marion Hankermeyer, are all at the University of California. Of course there are a few who stayed at Lick J. C. and they are: R.G. Graham, G. R. Iglesias, G.K. Damonk, R.V. Hayden V. Charles, and E. Languens, Jane Wolff has just returned from a tour of the country.





Report

1709

1934 FOOTBALL SEASON

Lick's Tigers have not fared so well as usual on the gridiron this year, winning but one game and losing five. Handicapped by lack of reserve strength and playing some of the strongest teams in the city, the team was not, however, so weak as this record might indicate.

The boys opened their season on August 25th against Lowell High School, later to be city champions. A fumbled punt gave Lowell a 12-6 victory after Frank Knowlton's 55 yard touchdown run had given the Tigers a 6 to 0 lead at half time.

Lick met Commerce on the following Friday, losing by a 12-0 score. Little can be said of this game. The tigers simply met a better team.

A week later, the team won its first game. Jefferson High School, at Colma, was the victim. Clicking with machine like precision, the Tigers ran up a 12-0 score for a decisive victory. Larry Niland's fine punting was a feature of the game.

A ragged Lick team lost to South San Francisco on the following Friday, by a 6-0 total. With Niland out of the game with an injured hand, the team fumbled frequently, and its tackling was ragged.

About a month later, the Tigers fell before the St. Ignatius Wildcats by an overwhelming 20-0 score. The playing of Tom Haggard and Capt. John Wesley was the only bright spot for Lick in the game.

On October 26, the Tigers took a 300 mile jaunt to Eureka, where they met a much heavier, more experienced team in the Humboldt State Teachers College eleven of Arcata, and lost by a score of 24 to 6. That score, however does not tell the story of the game. Although beaten by a convincing score, the team fought with a determined, savage fury that led to a 65 yard touchdown march in the third period, with Tom Haggard going over for the score.

To quote Coach Paul Howard, "The team played its best game of the season."

AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH MIKE CORIS

Mike greeted me with a cheery, though somewhat faint, "H'ya, kid!" as I entered his room on the second floor of the Ginn House where he has been recovering from the serious neck injury which he received in the Humboldt State Teachers game at Eureka.

Mike grinned through a maze of plaster and bandage and a growth of stubble on his face, accumulated during two weeks of forced refraining from shaving. A heavy cast covers his entire shoulders and reaches up to cup the back of his head, leaving about just enough room for him to talk

(continued on next page)

Football Benefit Dance

With the largest attendance of the year, the Football Dance for the benefit of Mike Coris was an unequaled success.

The decorations were unique, inasmuch as they consisted entirely of football equipment loaned by the team. Blankets draped on wires were strung across the ceiling. Across the stage was a line of football helmets. In the middle of the floor was a hay-stuffed dummy, dressed in a football suit, and trying to tackle the tackling dummy.

The music was supplied by Faulkner's Falcons. It was fair, but it could have been a great deal better.

The dance was financially successful, approximately two hundred bids being sold. The profits were turned over to Mr. Merrill to be used for Mike's benefit.

FOOTBALL SQUAD

1. Knowlton	Q.B.	Black
2. Haggard	R.H.	Donahue; Black
3. Coris	F.B.	Nichols
4. Niland	L.H.	Davis
5. Charles	C.	Cooper
6. McGuire	R.G.	Miller; Brown, J.
7. Pierovich	L.G.	Herbert
8. Wasley	L.T.	Brown, A.
9. Kelley	R.T.	Chatard
10. Minner	R.E.	Wilder, E.
11. Cooper	L.E.	Biggs

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and see. A pile of magazines littered the bed, there was candy galore on the table, a radio--everything that an invalid could wish for.

Mike has been laid up for six weeks--the result of his having tackled a Humboldt player with a little too much force.

"It's not bad, though," Mike soliloquized. "I get a lot of company, have plenty to read, a radio, lots to eat;" but then he frowned and twisted uncomfortably, "If only this darn cast would stop itching!"

NOTE:

Mike is to be envied somewhat. On his cast, written in flowing feminine hands, are the names of the nurses in the Eureka hospital. No wonder Mike can grin!

INTER-SHOP BASKETBALL

A hotly contested 1934 inter-shop basketball season, launched on November 5, wound up about three weeks later with the Mechanical Drawing quintet emerging as the champions. However, to gain these laurels, the architects had first to go through some mighty stiff opposition. At the end of the regularly scheduled season, it was found that Mechanical Drawing, which also includes Wood Shop and Sheet Metal Shop, was involved in a three-way tie with the Surveying and Machine Shop teams.

Then these same architects, who are at home equally well on a basketball court or with a drawing board, took on the Machine Shop team and subsequently trounced them, 12 to 6. Bob Minner, Mechanical Drawing forward, starred for the victors.

This left the Surveyors as the only obstacle to Mechanical Drawing's championship hopes. A three-game series was arranged, the winner to be recognized as king of the courts.

In the first game of the crucial series, the architects defeated their rivals, 13 to 6. Dolan, Thomas and Nichols starred for the winners, and Wasley and Knowlton for the conquered.

The second game was won by default, and the Mechanical Drawing team was finally crowned champion. The winning team was made up of Thomas, Nichols, Donhue, Dolan, Minner, and McGuire.

Al Zavala drew up the entire schedule and refereed quite a few of the games.

The teams finished in the following order; after the champions: Surveying, second: Machine Shop, third; Chemistry, fourth; and the College Preps brought up the rear of the parade.

BASKETBALL AT LUX

Good spirit on the part of both players and rooters prevailed throughout the basketball tournament at Lux, which culminated in a championship for T36J. This team defeated T35J by a 12 to 11 score in the final game on December 3. Six classes participated in the contests, with T36J, T35J, 35J and 37J winners in the preliminary games.

ATHLETIC AWARDS

Athletic Blocks

Arthur Brown
Mike Coris
Earl Laguens
John Wasley

Service Blocks

Gordon Black
John Gelcich
Robert Hosking
Louis Pappas
Robert Peters

THIS THING CALLED FOOTBALL

Every year sometime around October, the mania comes upon us, and we do not quite recover from its effects until sometime around the first of February. Every Saturday about ten millions of the afflicted trek to the huge concrete bowls so that they may shout themselves hoarse for dear old Oshkosh.

We shall attend a college football game, you and I, so that we may find for ourselves why usually conservative people do quite insane things, once they are inside a stadium.

Upon entering the stadium, we discover that we are evidently late. There are at least twenty thousand persons here ahead of us, and as we are led to our seats, we are struck with the multi-colored, noisy, care-free atmosphere that a football crowd inevitably conveys to an outsider. In front of us is a large, red-faced man who is talking earnestly to a rather frail, blond haired girl. The red-faced one is evidently expounding some of the fine points of the game. She listens attentively, respectfully, as he talks steadily for at least fifteen minutes, taking a moment to buy two of those roll-enclosed frankfurters, known commonly as "hot dogs".

But our attention is now directed to the far end of the field, from whence comes a rhythmic, steady beating of a bass drum. Others join in, a trumpet blares forth, and then the entire 175 instruments break into a thrilling crescendo of martial music, the type which is always associated with a college band. They march slowly up the green field, in perfect step, the volume of the music added to by the lusty young voices of some five thousand "rooters" grouped upon one side of the field.

Close on the heels of the band, comes one of the two teams, racing out madly, prancing like frisky young colts, to be greeted with an ear splitting roar which makes the very stadium tremble. A short, staccato cheer booms across the field in greeting.

Then another band--more music and singing--the other team--another roar--cheers.....

And now the game!

Some fifty thousand of the assembled mass leap to their feet with a mighty roar as a swinging toe meets a leather ball and sends it spinning down the field in long graceful arc. It is gathered in by a flashing youth, who, dodging behind a hastily formed interference, starts a mad dash up the field. As he passes one white line after another, the steady roar increases in volume, rises to a tremendous pitch as he is brought to earth by a jolting tackle and then subsides as the fans sink back in their seats to watch a long, gruelling struggle.

The game is a good one. There are long, brilliant

(Continued on next page)

LICK AND LUX HOLD TENNIS TOURNAMENTS

With "Chuck" Winterstein as the boys' champion and Hertha Koons as the Lux star, the Lick, Wilmerding, Lux tennis tournaments are over. Twenty girls and twelve boys signed up for tennis this semester. The boys owe the excellent arrangement and management of their tennis schedule to Bob Hartmann, while the girls found Ann Hersh a very capable manager.

"Chuck" Winterstein proved to be the best at Lick when he won his final set against Jack Banner, 6-1, 6-2.

Hertha Koons showed her mettle by defeating her final opponent, Virginia Yocum, 6-4, 6-3.

The girls' doubles tournaments were won by Mary Costelli and Virginia Yocum.

CREW PROSPECTS ARE PROMISING

Having gained second place in the Intercollegiate Oarsmen's Association last year, the Junior College crew is looking forward to a championship this coming season. Ten of last year's crew will be returning for new action: A. Brown, Eickworth, Nelson, Boyd, Dawe, Reichert, Knowlton, and Cooper, who will probably be coxswain.

Among the new prospects are Minner, Kelly, Davis, Charles, and Winterstein, who hope to gain places in the varsity boat. As yet they are without a coach, but one of the teachers will probably be appointed to instruct them.

Unlike the Junior College, the High School crew has been rather badly broken up by graduation. Of the crew that won seven out of eight races, only Bender, Hoppe, and Herbert remain, and they will have to form the nucleus of the new crew. But such men as Baker, I. O'Shea, and Biggs will probably fill the vacant spots capably.

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runs, expert kicks, long passes, bone-crushing tackles, and you are pleasantly diverted now and then as two rabid fans with different opinions as to a team's merits settle their argument with flying fists. During the crisp November afternoon there are cheers, groans, colorful bands, equally good hard-fighting teams, the ever present good natured drunks, the leather-lunged hot dog and program vendors, beautiful co-eds, blue capped freshmen. And then the end--some are jubilant, others are depressed--and you leave wilted, flushed, excited, but no longer wondering why sane American citizens go supremely crazy over this game of football.

--J. Brown, 35J

GIRL'S SPORTS

L.A.A. Luncheon

The highest athletic honor, a star, given for splendid participation in L.A.A. activities, was awarded this term to Julia Maloney at the L.A.A. luncheon held in the Lux cafeteria on December 4. The entertainment provided was planned by Sylvia Belle Magruder. Several musical selections, including community singing, were presented, and the "Melodettes" from KYA sang.

Block L's were presented to the following girls in recognition of their active sports participation: Virginia Egan, 35J, Vivian Du Arte, 35J, Mildred Timm, 35J, and Ann Hersch, 35X. Block L's signify eight hundred points.

Circle L's were awarded to Helen Smith, T35J, Ruby Chazel, 36J, Marie Coris, 36J, Jeanne Jeffers, 36J, Liberty Maraviglis, 36J, Beverly Zihy, 36J, and Dorothy Raeta, 36X. Four hundred points are required for Circle L's.

Numerals were presented to twenty nine girls in several classes. Much keen competition for the awards was shown, and nearly all classes were represented.

Kickball

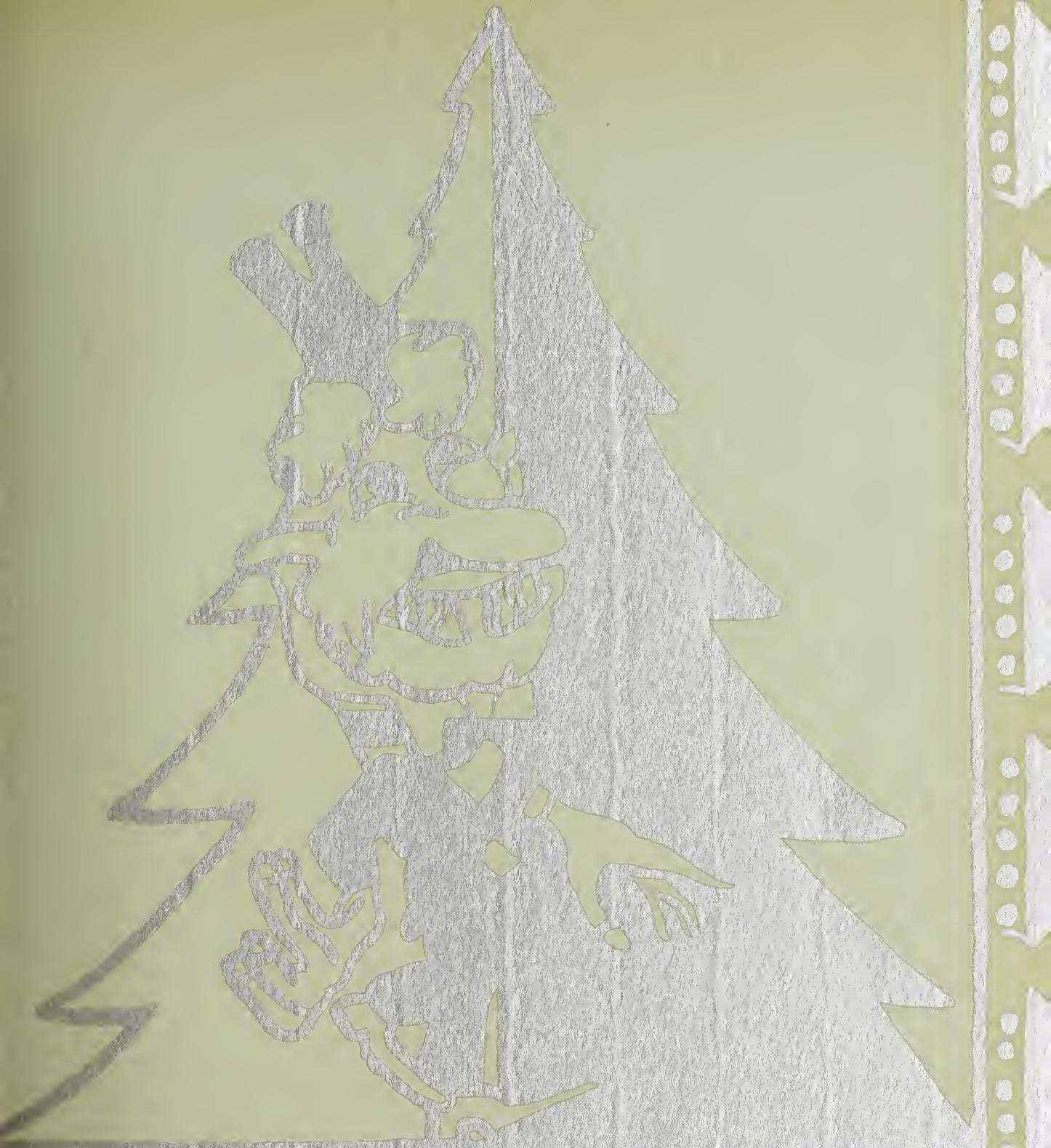
Headed by Agnes Crowley, seven classes totalling eighty two girls, turned out for the kickball tournament this term.

The games were conducted in round-robin fashion, every team playing every other team.

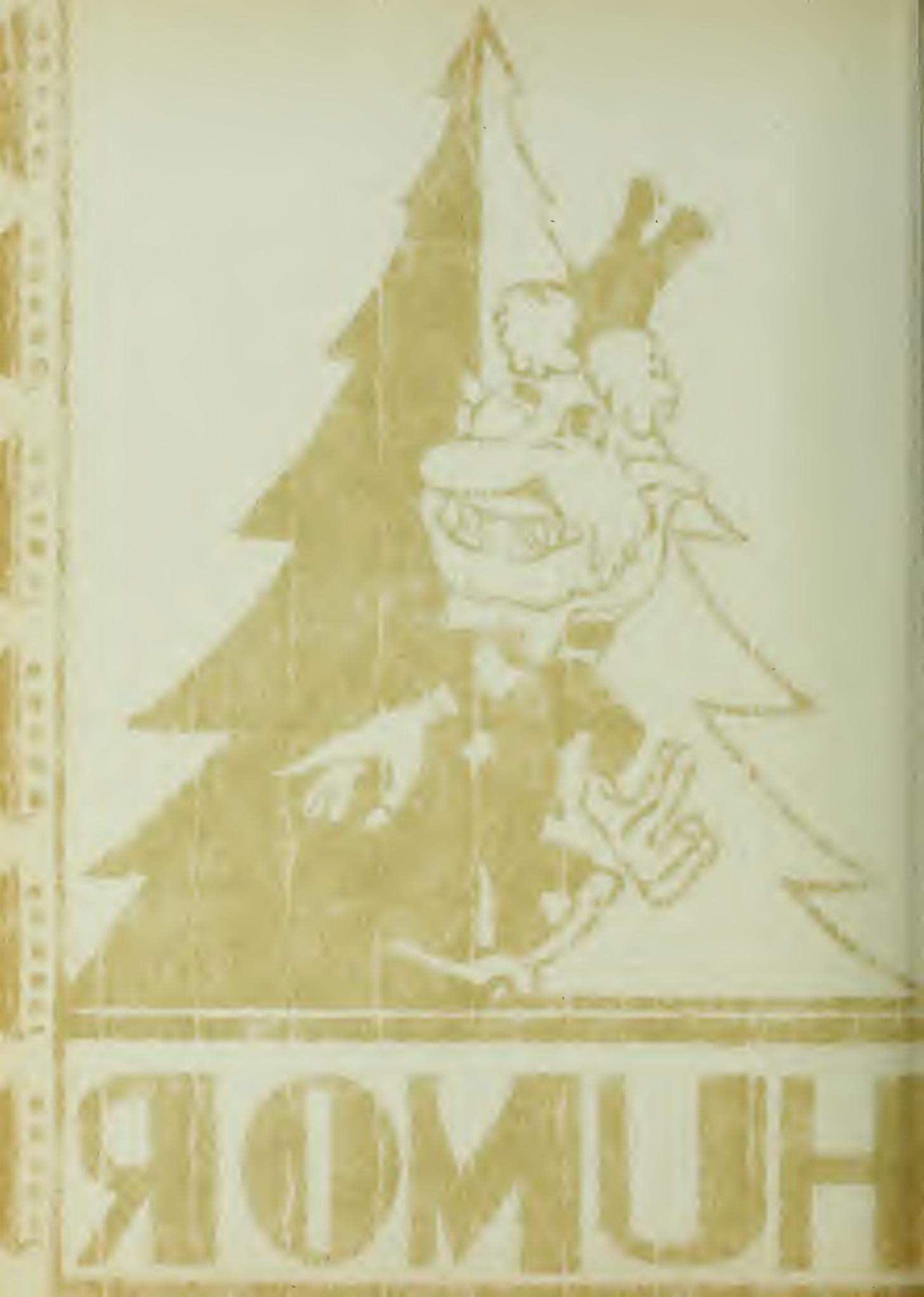
A junior college class, the T35J's, tied the freshmen, 37J's, for first place. In an exciting game, the J.C.'s won the school championship, with the low sophomores rating second place.

L.A.A. Party

The L.A.A. members think that roller skating is one of the best ways to work up an appetite; consequently, they all welcomed the term party. Accompanied by Miss Helgesson and some of the other teachers who were just as enthusiastic as the girls, all the members enjoyed themselves skating and taking tumbles. After skating, approximately fifty of them went to a dinner at Sigmund Stern Grove. After satisfying hearty appetites, they joined in folk dances, Virginia reels, and modern dancing. Since Hallowe'en was not far off, a weird ghost story was enacted as a finale.

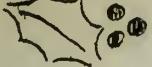


HUMOR



ЯЮМАИН

LOOKING AT



Virginia Yocum -
musing on the
idiosyncrasies
of the common
individual.



Elizabeth
Buyles -
on the
briny deep



May
Patterson -
combing
her golden
locks.



Elsie
Carignan -
is going to
be a beauty
operator so
she can always
wear her
SMOCK!



slip!



slurp!

"Pat"
Kleindienst
34x soap
box orator!



SOAP



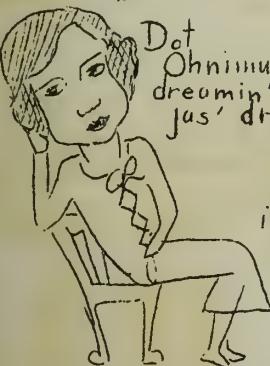
Barbara
Siller -
um-de-dum
I'm hummin'
I'm whistlin'
and I'm
singing



Olive
Bauer -
Cleaning
her shoes.



"Dop"
Flanagan -
"Where's
Sue?"



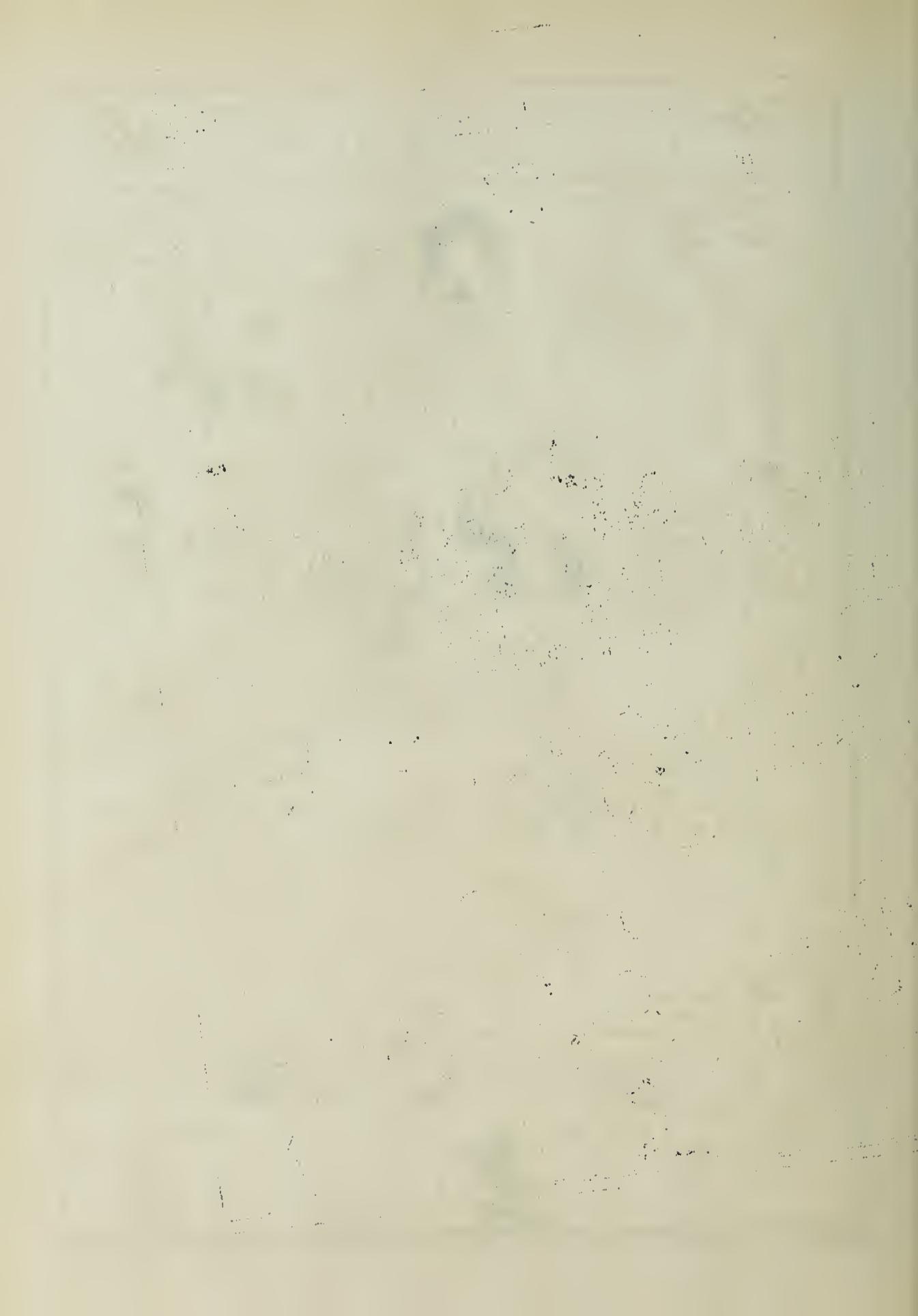
Dot
Ohnimus -
dreamin'
jus' dreamin'

Evelyn
Wardlaw's
idea of a
joke on
Eileen Ross

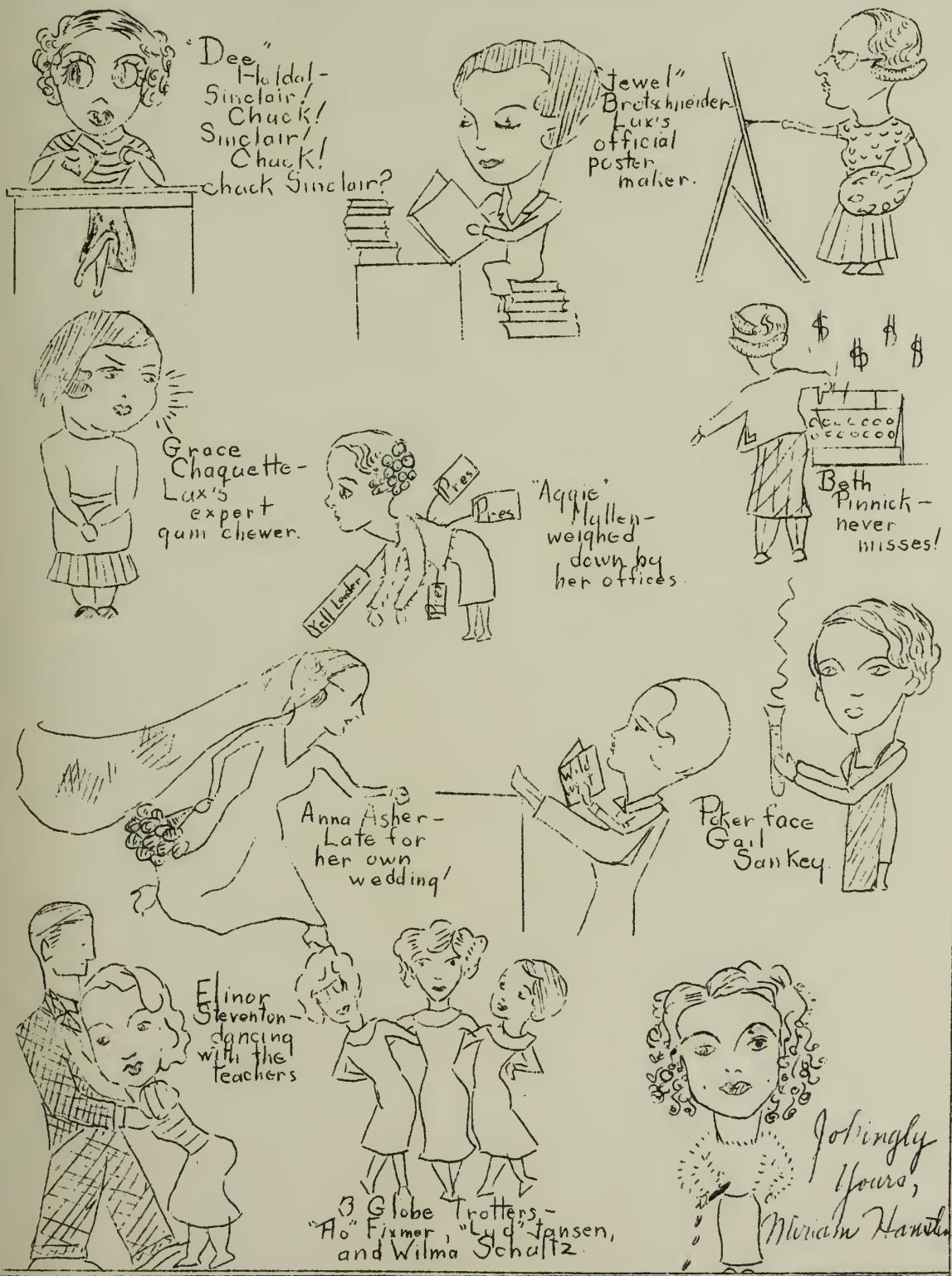


"Simp" -
Simpson -
Wanna buy a
ticket? ANY
kind.





THE SENIORS!

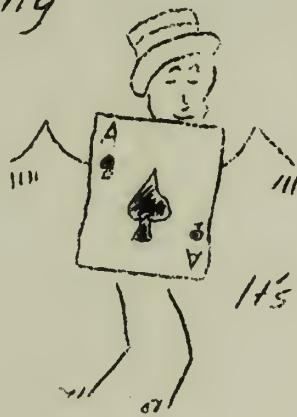




Pierovitch is still
Playing Football



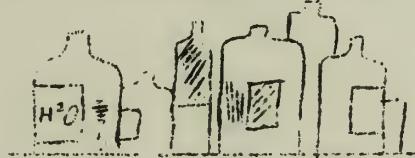
"Cow Puncher"
Thorning



"Strikeout"
O'Brien



HIS "ACE" Schwabe



Rhyolite

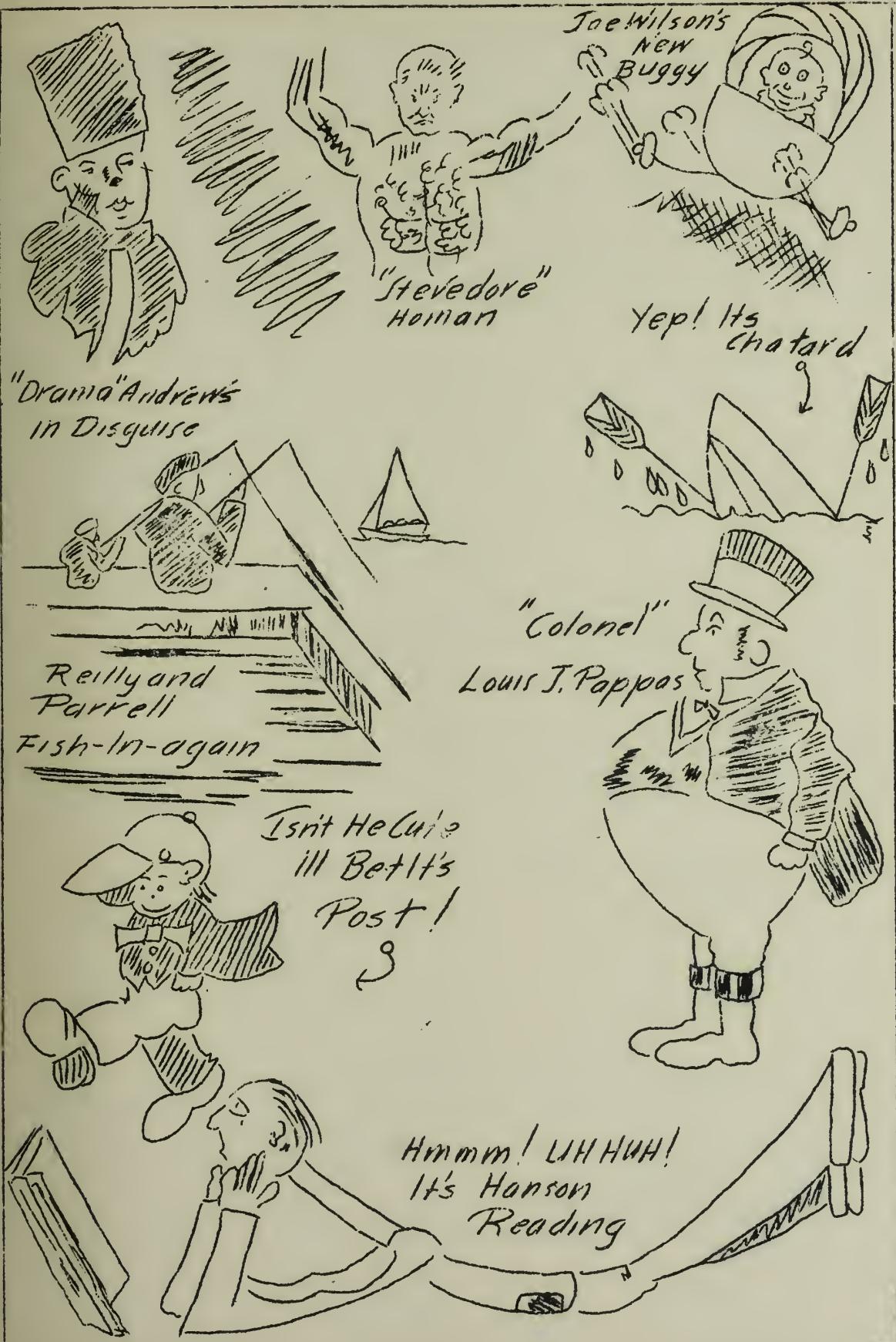


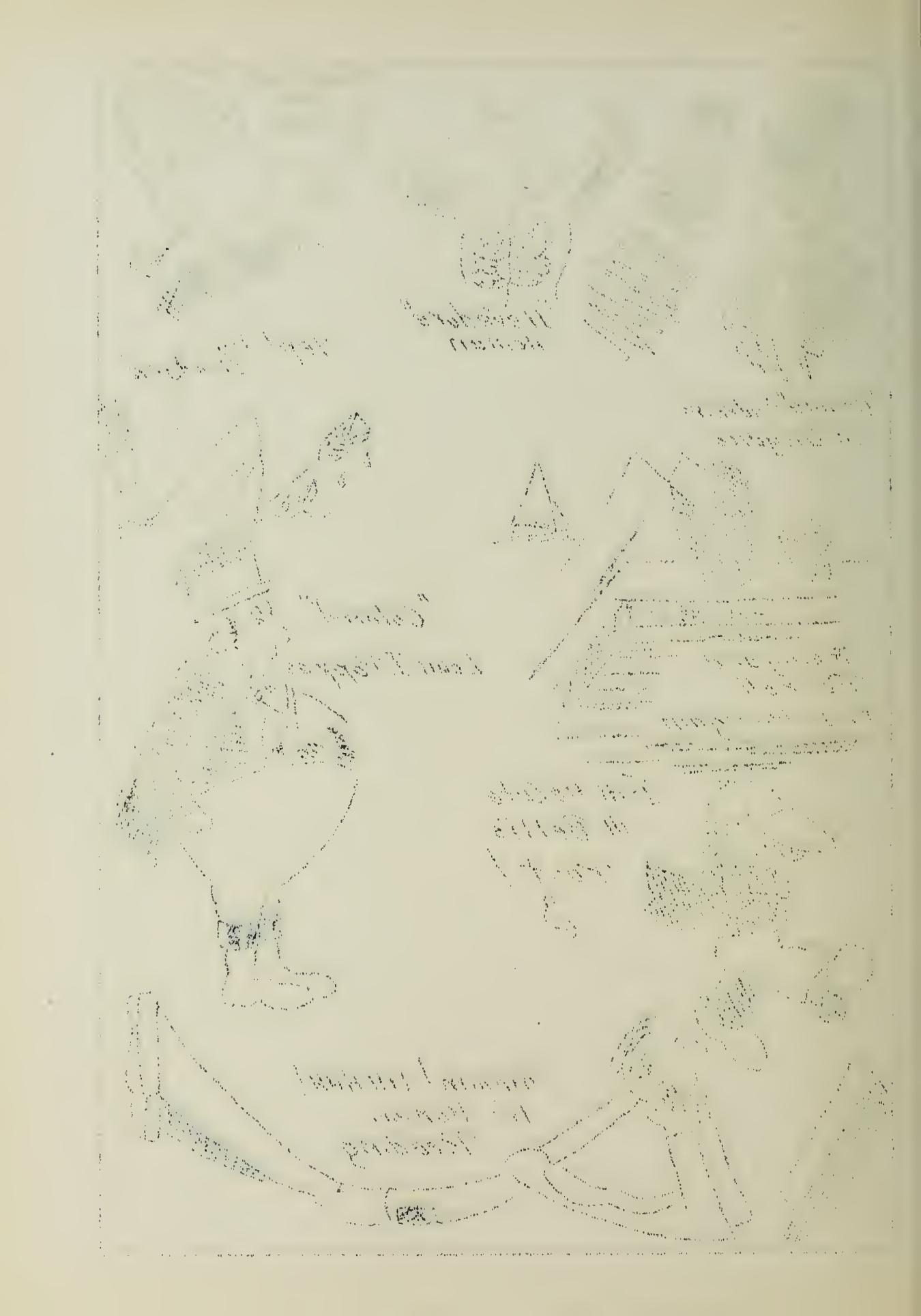
This is
Hinman
collecting
Rocks

Our Crew-Man
Louganis Vacationing



Who is this mad chemist!
It might be —
L. Smith, Jones, Naughton,
Wanner, Brand or Payden.





SPELLING BEE STINGS BOYS

Why was it, the boys want to know, that ten girls got the best of their Stanley? Out of fifteen boys not one was standing, while only five of the girls were seated at the close of the contest held on November 23, in Miss Palmer's room.

Of course we feel sorry for our boys, but we think probably the loss was due to lack of study resulting from over confidence.

Stanley Abbott did make a good showing for his class; he was the sole survivor of the spelling wreck. For some time he was spelling every other word but finally went down with a "stretch."

OH, WHAT ONE LEARNS ON ENGLISH PAPERS!
That apples are intrepid.
That there was havoc in the goldfish bowel.
That he shook a potential fist.
That an ecclesiastical cannon is a big shot in the church.
That King Lear was every inch a king--and every foot a ruler.

LIMERICK

There was a young lady of Lux,
Who had urgent need of five bucks,
So she studied her books,
And improved her good looks,
And now she's a model at Ruck's--oh, shucks!

Some BLIMP

A bright student in Mr. Britton's Physics A class says that if his density is 62 pounds per cubic foot and he weighs 125 pounds, his volume is 7,750 cubic feet.

OPEN SEASON

(On trip to Pacific Coast Steel Company, South San Francisco.)

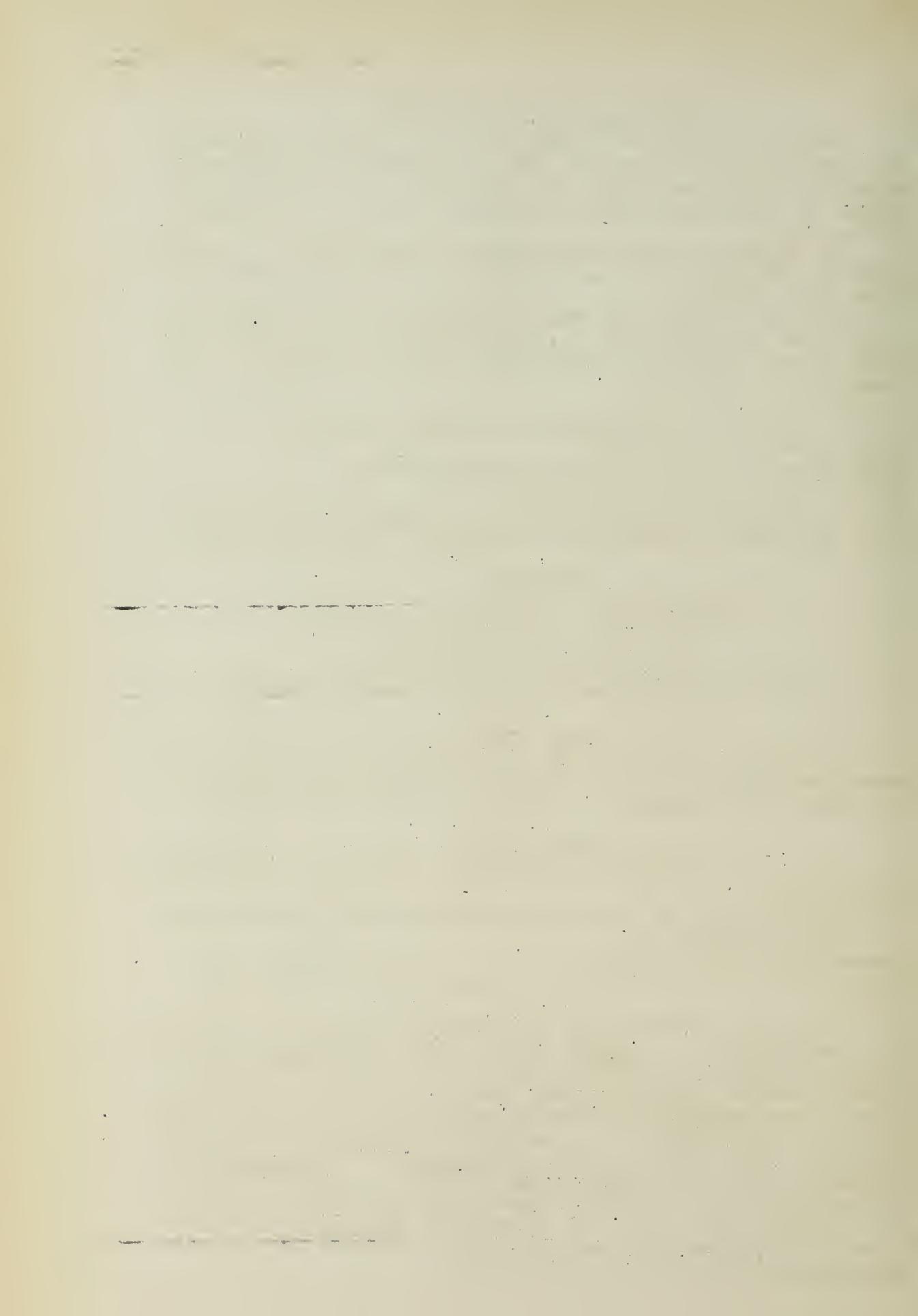
Smith (looking at the hills)--I wonder what's on the other side of them.

Answer--They are all bare.

Smith--Well, I'll have to get my gun and go after them.

VOCABULARY AT CHRISTMAS

Santa Claus, a genial soul, is the criterion of human kindness. When the children see him in a department store, he is a rather garrulous old fellow, always inquiring about their pabulum. He may be very neat around this time of year, but I imagine he is rather slovenly otherwise. Although many people attempt to traduce and stultify him, derision does not feaze him. He has a great sense of equity, and bad little boys don't get all that they think is coming to them. An air of mystery obscures the whereabouts of his summer home, but it is said to be in the ecliptic district of the North Pole.



Student Body Forms Secret Society

Against the strenuous and rigid regulations of the school a secret society has been recently organized by members of the schools. Membership to this strange club is increasing with pleasing rapidity. Miss Helgesson is the sponsor, and the rest of the members are Doris Flanagan, Bertha von Dessonneck, and Donald Thomas, Thomas being the latest one initiated. In order to get into the Society you must merely pay your entrance fee which you can all surely spare. In order to get into the Sine Appendix you pay one appendix and you automatically receive your life's membership emblem which you must give your oath never to show in public. This emblem, a healed incision sealed by fancy needlework, is permanently fixed on your abdomen. If anyone expects to join this exotic group he must come early so as to avoid the useless rush.

Ques. What was the population of the colonies in 1750?
Ans. Approximately 680,000,000.

Ques. Name two Polish officers that fought in the Revolutionary War.
Ans. Rubenstein and Stewbisko.

Ques. Identify: Slater.
Ans. Slater was the father of the first factory in America.

Ques. Who was Mr. Genet?
Ans. Mr. Genet was a Frenchman who tried to stir up Americans to fight for France. He was sent back to France for disorderly conduct.

Staff Cartoonist Works Overtime

On the afternoon of the first of November there occurred in Miss Palmer's class a sad incident. You see, a certain student had become rather bored with the day's recitation. He had his pencil in his hand and was lethargically tapping on the desk when suddenly he was struck with the impulse of creation. He began to sketch the outline of a football player on the surface of his desk. It seems that the name of this gridiron hero was Elmer and he did or died for dear old N. U. T. S.

When the period bell rang out its cheery message, he forgot all about Elmer there on the desk, and after being detained to receive the homework assignment, receded from the room with his fellow students.

After all the students had gone Miss Palmer chanced to see these "marks of disfiguration". The next day each of the unfortunates who usually recline on that desk was interviewed and finally the culprit was uncovered. The gory details will be omitted except to state that he is still alive and attending school.



